

AN
ANSWER
TO
VVITHERS
MOTTO.

Without a Frontispice.

WHEREIN,
Nec HABEO, Nec CAREO, Nec CVRO,
are neither approued, nor confuted:
but modestly controuled,
or qualified.

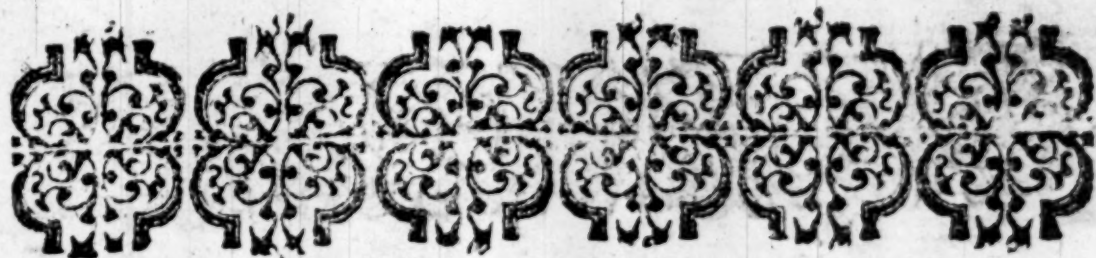
QVÆSTIO.

—Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatus?

RESPONSIO.

—Sic inuat indulgere fugacibus horis.

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The Booke to the Reader.

Well may you muse why I came
no sooner to light, but lay ob-
scure so long; vnderstand there-
fore that I haue in time past sought to
come vnder the presse, to shew my selfe
to publike view, but by Mr. *Wither's*
meanes, who sought to smother mee in
my birth, haue lyen sometime hid, but
now hauing got strength to come forth
to declare my selfe to the world, I leaue
thee to censure the rest.



Virgilius de litera Pythagorea.

ante
ditio.

Litera Pythagoræ discrimine secta bicorni
Humana vitæ speciem præferre videtur.
Nam via virtutis dextrum petit ardua callem,
Difficilemq; aditum primū spectantibus offert,
Sed requiem præbet fessis in vertice summo:
Molle ostendat iter via lata, sed vltima meta
Præcipitat captos, voluitq; per ardua saxa:
Quisquis enim duros casus virtutis amore
Vicerit, ille sibi laudemq; decusq; parabit:
At qui de d'suam, luxumq; sequetur inertem,
Dum fugit oppositos incauta mente labores,
Turpis inopsq; simul miserabile transiget ævum.



To Master *Wither* himselfe:

MAfter *Wither*; When I first tooke vp your Booke to reade, (which I confesse I did not out of curiositie, *Criticisme*, or any desire to bee your *Antagonist*) I thought to make the same vse of it for Collections and obseruations, as I haue accustomed out of other mens endeauours: but when I found a certaine confusion in the same, besides many repetitions, I compared it to *Protophenes* pencill, that throwne away in a rage, effected that worke, which with all his cunning hee knew not how to contriue; and so in my conscience, you writ this in anger, (I will not say in fury) and fortune hath giuen way to your good *spirit*, which though (if men were as angry as your selfe) might be called presumption, yet out of iudgment consonant to

*Audace
fortuna
uat, tim
dosq, re
lit,*

To Mr. Wither *himselfe*.

the event of things, for my part, I approve, with qualification, as you shall heare hereafter:—

—Now it is done; suppose you would not haue it vndone, and seeing it is accepted, you can bee contented to looke on it, as a faire borne childe of your owne, wherein you shall doe no more, then wiser men, who haue proceeded. For after *Heliodorus* a *Græcian* Bishop had finished the History of *Theagines* and *Cariclia*, denominated the *Æthiopian* History, he was called in question for the same, that being a Bishop, he had imployed so much time to so little purpose: and so it was concluded, that either he must be debarred the profit of his *Bishopricke*, or depriued the glory of his Worke: but farre from sordid basenesse, and of some delicate constitution, the tumors of his heart elevated him to the pallace of fame and renowne, and he chose rather to lose his liuing then his eternity, according to the saying of *Ouid*.

Mortale est, quod queris opus, mihi fama perennis.

—I mean not to apply, and I suppose you doe not care whether I doe or no: For so in all your diuisions I finde it inserted, therefore I was the bolder to meddle, with *Iupiters* fiers with *Prometheus*: but I hope as they were different in quality, we shall be different in punishment. I need not tell
you

To Mr. Wither himselfe.

you the story : onely now you shall finde mee to deale no worſe with you , then I did with *Socrates*, euen at my firſt ſipping at the fountaine of the *Pierides*, in the *Vniuerſity* of *Cambridge*. *Socrates* you know, was by *Apollo's* Oracle at *Delphos* , adiudged the wiſeſt man in the world, whereupon he demeaned himſelfe very cautelouſly , which yet diuerſed not the people from honouring him extraordinarily, and attributing many *Panegyricall* applauſes vnto him : for as I remember, the very women , as he paſſed along, would point at him, and ſay, *Ecce homo*, all which did not yet elate him with any preſumption : for he ſtill opened his armes vnto them, and told them, *hoc unum ſcio, me nihil ſcire* : I deſiſt from exemplification, whether it was comparative in reſpect of that he knew not, or reſpectiue in regard of perfection of knowledge : onely my ſtory tels me, that his wife *Xantippe* was ſo curſt vnto him, that ſhe would not allow of his humiliation, but cryed out it was the ſame pride as *Diogenes* vſed againſt *Plato* (the ſtory you ſhall finde in ſome place of the booke :) now when I conſidered what a curſt woman this was, and could neuer endure chiding in my life, I tooke the ſame courſe, as ſhe did, and publiſhly declaimed : *non recte Socrates, cum dixit, hoc unum ſcio , me nihil ſcire* : — and I ſay

To Mr. Wither himselfe.

to you: *non recte dixisti, nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo*: How I proued that, it is so many yeares agoe, I cannot tell: but how I shall proue yours, it is so few dayes agoe, since I attempted it, that I can almost say it without booke: yet because a mans memory may faile, I haue here sent it you written, if not printed: now if the worst come, we shall doe no worse then Lawyers, who fall out with one another at the Barre, and are friends when they meete at the Temple Hall at dinner: For I can assure you, I pray that your Muse may haue a *Plautus plaudite*, —and though I am so vnfortunate a man in these compositions, that I may stil exclaime, *Nemesis in tergo*—, yet doth my hart leape at the thrummings of other men, and I wish you, the reward of your worth, remaining to you, to others, to my selfe, to all, honest:—

T. G. Esquire.



To the Reader.



*Reader-- And you marke
it, all men are more afraide
of you then of thunders:
For a Garland wreathed a-
bout the head of Lawrell,
is a preservative against
lightning: but there was
never any Antidote for the*

*Aconite of a malicious tongue, except you could doe
as Iuvenall sayes (and yet corrupt times haue pre-
uented that to) but you shall haue it :*

Vivendum est recte, cum propter plurima, tum his *Satyr. 9*
Præcipuè causis, vt linguas mancipiorum

Contemnas : nam lingua mali pars pessima serui :
*and therefore there is a kinde of inclination used
toward you with many facetious attributes, or Epi-
thetons of gentle, courteous, iudicious, learned, no-
ble, worthy, and such like ; all which I disclaime,
onely*

To the Reader.

onely I desire you to be honest, which I doe both for your selfe, and my selfe. For your selfe, that you may haue the reward of an immaculate soule: for my selfe, that if you doe me no good, I hope you will doe me no harme.

—Heere I beleue you will not finde such mirth as you expect, for there is no beare-baiting toward, where the boyes clap their hands to set the dogges together: but a fiery zeale against sinne, Vanity, and the corruption of mens manners, wherein if any of you bee transported with the vulgar multitnde, you neede no other punishment then your owne confusions, and the various changes of a ridiculous violence: if impostured with the Syrens song of priuate respects, except you tye your selues to the mast of Religion and Pietie, be sure to be transhapt into Lyons, Beares, Wolues, Tigers, Goates, and what not:— if ouer-heated with the fauour of Princes, take heed of catching colde, according to the Italian prouerbe—non discoprir animalato, quando suda: For enuy and malice haue snatching handes to pull away the mantle of your greatnesse, and then your deformity will quickly appeare,---if resolute, out of a couetous ambition to make money your guide, whereby at last you may come to places of bonour and office (which indeed is a kinde of Can-

non

To the Reader.

non shot through a stand of Pikes) take heede of over-
charging your selues, lest like some crased new cast
peece in the tryall and discharging, you flie in pie-
ces.--- If subiect to a womans imperiousnesse, or flat-
tered by her wantonnesse, take heed of the forbidden
fruit, shee will bring it, praise it, deceiue you, and
make you eat it:--- If caught in the net of the
world, and so resolved against singularity, or other
nicke-name, by being religious: Remember the Phi-
losophers banquet, where Epictetus put a Coxcombe
vpon the Globe of the world, and the strange probi-
bitions in the word of truth, where the world and
the fashions of the same are no more reputed of then
durt and drosse, or any vilder thing, which must be
purged by fier: If any thing else diuert you to trans-
passe the limits of your owne Spheres and Orbes,
take heede of prouing Meteors and Exhalations,
whereby you will quickly vanish to nothing; and so I
leauue you to the faire regard of your selues, for if you
be honest, you will loue vertue for vertues sake, and
wipe away all aspersions with a gentle hand, which
may bee laide vpon mans infirmities: -- if other-
wise; neither vice nor vertues will serue your
turnes, but as your owne humours, make them save-
ry to your pallats, wherein because I am no Empi-
ricke

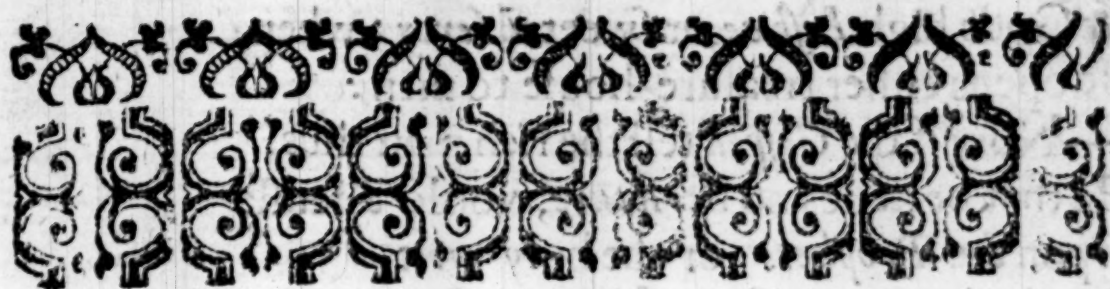
Epictetus
deform
Deme-
derid
Hera-
deslet

To the Reader.

ricke of this kinde, I pray you be your owne Phisitians, and make the trials your selues: for I that neuer was a friend to my selfe, am not worthy to be yours so much as in particular application.

T. G. Esquire.

THE



THE INTRODUCTION.

WHat's here? what's here? A peremptory man?
That *cares not* who his books & labors scan:
But if men *storme*, will make the *Muses* storme,
With thundring tempests to procure more harme:
As if the power's Diuine were at his becke,
Inferior fury for to countercheke;
Much like *Medeas* charmes, who then durst tell
If heauen did faile, she would command all Hell.
—Why man? what needs this quoile? fret not thy soule
About thy *free-borne lines*? who doth controule
Thy worthy labours? or traduce thy name?
Or who befooles themselves at thy faire fame
To fume, or knit the brow?—Nay? who will vex
Their conscience, of any age or sexe,
About thy poore *inuestiues*, when they haue
That sacred Word, which doth all sinne depraue,
Nor *Prince*, nor *Peasant* sparing in their kinde,
Nor rich, nor poore, nor proud, nor humbled minde,
Nor *Atheist*, *Hypacrite*, nor any other
That will their finnes, or hide, or falsely smother
From those all-seeing eyes, which vengeance take
Vpon delinquents, who a sport can make

*Flecte
neque
superos
cheron
mough*

At

THE INTRODUCTION.

At Gods high *Iustice*, or sweet *Mercy* : when
He opens either treasure-house to men :

—Now if the *Gospell* tell the rich man thus,

5.29 He that beleeueth no *Scripture*, would discusse

Vpon the *Prophets* : or the holy writ

Deride, deny, or in some franticke fit,

Make doubt of either, sure will ne're beleue

One raised from the dead, or seeme to greeue,

Be his discourse more harsh then hellish groanes

Or *Hecats* charmes, breaking the marble stones:

—Then dost thinke thou they care for thy best times,

Which onely ayme at foule enormous crimes

Of present sway, or once will startled be,

Although they doe thy heart transparent see :

What dost thou then of *resolution* tell,

Of *Libels*, *Satyres* ?-- Doe thou ne're so well

To scourge the Ages villany, they say

It is their work to sinne, to sport, to play :

—But when thou talkest of *making the world mad*

They laugh and wonder, whence that terme is had :

As for the *guilty* times, that all torment,

Why should mens fashions so thee discontent ?

Was it not thus when that the *Prophets* saw

The world on inischiefe set, did they not draw

In seuerall models, that deformed face,

Which vice look't out with all without disgrace ?

6. —One doth the *Women* for apparell chide,

6.4. Another *great men*, for great cost deride :

8. Another tels the *Iudge* of taking fees,

11. Another his false seruant ouer-sees,

9.

Another

THE INTRODUCTION.

Another checks the *Swaine* for selling Corne,
 And grieues the *poore man* is so ouer-borne :
 Another talks of *Usury* and wrong,
 Another to the *Sabboth* doth belong,
 Another dares doe more, then thou dare doe,
 Reuiles the pompous *Priests*, adding thereto
 Their riots, vomits, lies and filthinesse,
 Their auarice, their lust and greedinesse :
 Yea, in the end thou there shalt this out finde,
 Their *Orizons* came not at all behinde
 Their fowlest sinnes : -- For *Priest* and people then
 Did God deceiue, as well as simple men
 By offering the leane beasts, selling the best,
 And yet supposing to sit downe in rest :
 — Thus was it full two thousand yeare agoe,
 Yet now forsooth you would not haue it so,
 Nor will you be a *slau*e to times, or sinne :
 But call them *Criticks*, who dare once begin
 To censure thy faixe *Muse*, or taxe thy pen
 As if thou could'st doe more then other men,
 For to diuert vs from outragiousnesse :
Alas ? alas ? though that I should confesse
 Thy worth were great, and that thou hadst a charme
 For that foule *Gorgons* head : -- It would thee harme,
 Either to vexe thy soule, -- thou couldst not speed,
 Or fret thee more to laugh at thee indeed :
 — As for thy scorning of the *poore* and *base* ?
 They would out-raile thee to thy very face.

Amos 8

Ezek. 11

Isai. 58.

Ezec. 3.

Hosh. 4.

Mal. 1. 1

Mal. 1. 1

Mal. 2.

As

THE INTRODUCTION.

As for the better sort in honors feare?
 They doe thy betters in this sort intreat,
 With foole or mad-man, if they once transcend
 Their callings to finde fault: and in the end
 They turne thee off with busie-bodies name,
 Vsing these speeches *Vertue* to defame: ---
 —A poore mans tale's soone told, who low doth lie
 Still enuies others that doe sit on high,
 Come, giue him liuing; he will hold his tongue,
 And terme that right, which now he counteth wrong:
 The Tyrants hand, that rais'de him vp shall be
 The gentle hand of fairest charity: ---
 The villaines tongue, that fumbles in his throat
 Shall then a *diapason* make his note,
 Yea all transhap't will honour worke that man,
 Who in his poore estate doth curse and ban:
 With such like speeches are good men put off,
 And many tawnts endure, with vilder scoffe:
 —Then talke not of a Iaile, or wrongs of *State*,
 When our owne hands doe ope foule mischiefs gate,
 When we presume to tell the rest of sinne,
 And are our selues as faulty still therein,
 When priuate ends affect vs with delight,
 Then we complaine of other mens despight:
 Come, come; It may be, he that writeth this
 Can tell the world, what a close prison is,
 And iustly doth himselfe thus farre confute,
 He seldome thrives that doth with Lords dispute:

Whom

THE INTRODUCTION.

Whom *Princes* will haue wise, are wise indeed,
 And mongst the *Politicks*, it is agreed,
 They that do specious attributes transferre;
 And yet find fault with gouernment, may erre:
 Therefore be ruled by me, threaten no more,
 That either you haue forraine newes good store,
 Or could from ru mour tell vs of such things,
 As vnto *Europe* this disturbance brings:
 But cause it may offend *France* or *Spaine*,
 You leaue it of, and come to vs againe,
 With *Furies* tyed in chaines, and whips of Steele
 As though *Briareus* hands could turne the wheele
 Of *Fortune* quite about: and your fierce *frames*,
 Well season'd could controuie, or tame the braines
 Of franticke men: Oh that it were your fate
 To worke conuersion euen quite through the state
 As for your dogs; that dare on *Monsters* lye,
 By baiting Bulls and beares, the boldest dye,
 Therefore desist, and let your temperature
 The sweet content which we expect, procure.
 —Be better pleas'd, who spits against the winde
 Shall soone his face all to be smeered finde,
 And he that will assume more then his owne,
 Shall either for presumptuous be knowne,
 Or an intruder: then thanke God for this,
 Thou hast a great deale more then common is
 But giue no milke with a repining hand,
 Nor looke thou spill it, as it there doth stand,

B

Thy

THE INTRODUCTION.

Thy sharpe fang'd *Satyres* draw no drop of blood,
If thou anticipate their harme or good,
And to say troth where smarting rods are spar'd,
Schollers doe seldome any words regard.

The *Motto's* not amisse; yet hath a tricke
Enigmatizing-- Be not then so quicke
To say you'le *haue it so*?-- For I can proue
Wherein you *haue, and want, and care, and loue*:
Run not so fast away with selfe-conceit;

*uerè
ges, sic
ce vi-* A *Satyre* is a *Satyre*, though deceit
May make it smooth; like those still streames, that flow
Ouer the dangerous pits, which few doe know:

mines. As for your *little Poem*, and your *Muse*;
Why doe you such confused fashions vse?

To put it in the records of your story,
That any should bereaue you of your glory,
When euery man applaudes you in the best,
And bids you in your calmes as happy rest.

—Nor meanes my *Muse* to make your *whelpes* to cry,
Or whether, that your *Kirtlinge scratch*, to try:

I haue no *Monkey* for to play withall,
Or in my heart (I sweare) or spleen, or gall:

Onely I will most plainly to you tell
Wherein you are disposed ill, or well,
And yet no *Criticke*: but a friend vnknowne,
That must confesse your vertue is your owne,
That you may take, though that you doe not craue,
And not enioy euen what you seeme to *haue*:

That

THE INTRODUCTION.

That you may *want*, as other men haue done
The best bestowed blessings vnder Sunne r
That you doe *care*, for many things you slight,
And in some cares gainst carelesnesse delight.

*Lyde leniter qui se uiunt, sapiunt magis.
Magis mirandum est illic et as si quid illorum facit,
Quam si non facit-- feci ego isthac
Itidem in adolescentia:--*

Plautus in Bacchidibus.

THE AVTODUCTION.

That you may have a collection made
The bell followed by the other
That you may have a collection made
And in the end of the day

The first of the series
The second of the series
The third of the series
The fourth of the series

Plains in Bacchidibus

B 2



AN ANSWER TO WITHER'S NEC HABEO.

Here you begin with a calme humbled minde,
As if all *Vaunting* you were farre behinde,
Confessing such defects, as make men see,
In weake infirmities how poore they be.
— You haue no *grace*, but by infused power,
No *strengh* at all to write another *hower*,
No free-borne *goodnesse*, nor a cleansing hand,
To wipe away *corruptions* of the land,
Or purge your sinnes by your owne purity:
Yet you confesse you haue a charity
With sweeter currents of an honest minde
To beare with some, and be to others kinde:
Nay? Ile goe further, if the truth were known,
You somethings haue, which I doe call your *owne*,
Affection, passion, iageny, delight,
Feare, sadnesse, ioy: For sure you are not quite
Exempt from those things with which man was borne,
Though age in time youths franticknesse doth scorne,
But more then this about the rest you know
From iudgement to condemne the world, that so

AN ANSWER TO

We may the passages of goodnesse learne,
And Vice and Vertue different discerne,
And can all this be done? except you had
Those faculties, which make the heart full glad.

—Then you confesse a power to doe ill,
And many times a peruerse haire-brain'd will
To ouer-bear the motiues of your soule,
Whereby your frailties doe the rest controule,
Of such Ile not dispute; It is a point
Farre from my reach, and may full soone disioint
The frame I would erect. For in each state
Free-will confusion suffers and debate;

—But now take heed: if in this humbled sceane
You goe not farre beyond the golden meane,
Catching at glory, as you wish to thriue,
Or for some higher reputation striue,
O. hope to match your merit with reward,
As other men your labours doe regard,
Or worke for priuate ends: then sure you *haue*
Some portion in the world, and know to saue
Your selfe from vexing wants, or foule annoy,
And so on earth possesse, wherein you ioy.—

—*You haue no Lordships, nor high reaching Piles,*
Nor mocking structures, nor deceitfull wiles,
Nor *large demeanes*, nor titular renowne,
Nor any hope which may your vertue crowne
With place of honour:-- Yet you haue a minde
To haue all those, and doe corruption finde
In stranger wishes, that you had more liuing:
Then to depend on any others giuing.

For

WITHER'S MOTTO.

For though *Concupiscence* be writ a sin,
Yet either men may so the world begin
To come to seeled houles in the end,
By their owne industrie, or haue a friend
Bestow a Legacie, or natiue right
May them establish in some formall might,
Or from the custome of each morall nation
The *Prince* may men enrich with some donation,
Wherein vntouch't, vnfoild, the soule may see,
How she may somethings haue, and yet be free :—
—Nay more ; if wealth increase, it lawfull is
(So in the same we practice nought amisse)
To purchase land, or office, as we finde
The *Patriackes* remembred in this kinde :
Yea, the wise man pleades, as I doe conceiue,
Better it is to giue, then to receiue,
Which cannot well be done, except our store
Augmented be more then it was before :
Oh say not then ; you haue none of these things,
If you would haue them ; For a wish so stings
The conscience, that as swelling blisters rise
Vpon the face to blemish both our eies :
So sinnes creepe on vs, by our foule desires,
And sends in fuell to augment the fires,
Which by degrees actiue imployment make,
Vntill to custome we our selues betake ,
—As for the *spirits* freedome, which you boast,
Take heed you reckon not without your hoast.
For mischief lies like rocks in seas vnseene,
Splitting the greatest ships that come betweene :

Weal
may
sed, t
not a
sed.

AN ANSWER TO

Yea, the proud head which lifts it selfe on high
Through small displeasure doth disgraced dye:
But sure afflicting wants distract vs more,
Then our owne patience can endure: therefore
Let none presume to say, they can abide
In pouerty, when all the world beside
Abounds in wealth: For *Dauid* bids vs pray
Gainst these extreames; Oh doe not then say nay,
For as the rich, the poore man he doth sin,
And with more terror frets himselfe therein.

—*You haue no suites in Law*, nor need once sweat

After your plodding *Conncellor* to treat
Of bills, procurements, titles, and such like,

Which in discussing much amazement strike;

This sure is want of meanes, or wealth, or state,

Or that on earth you are not fortunate

But from this want you haue a busie minde

To tamper with the Courtes some fault to finde,

Checking the pride, or auarice of men,

Laughing at follies and corruptions, when

Greatnesse doth ouer-sway the meaner side,

Or quicker wits simplicity deride,

Or prolongations do a cause deferre,

Or groser sinnes traduce men, that so erre:

Thus we doe smile when others faults are knowne,

Yet cast vp worser recknings of our owne,

The soule we free from shifts, the tongue from tales

Defacing right, contriuing cunning sales,

And if we can escape the Law in sinning,

We then are safe, when from the first beginning

We

WITHER'S MOTTO.

We pride of heart possesse, with enuy swell,
Repine at others, liuing passing well,
Proue factious in our thoughts, strue with our wits,
Till they burst out into some madding fits
Against good order of the gouernment,
And so we run away in meriment,
That we haue hit it home: but what say they
That would not so their modestie betray,
Either we haue some singular conceit,
Bewitching vs with holinesse deceit,
Or itching eares to heare each *Sirens* song
Of things; which no way do to vs belong:
Or itching hands to reach the fruit on high,
Vntill the Dragon doe it vs denie:
Or itching feet to gad, where none should goe
That know not how themselues for to bestow:
Or itching hearts forbidden things that craue:
Thus wise men see, that still we somethings haue.
—*You haue* no foppish tricks, nor apish toies
Nor complementall congees fit for boyes,
And not reposed men:—*You say* 'tis pittie,
That either trauellers of Court, or Citie
Bring home such follies out of *France* or *Spaine*,
Or *Italy*: and yet you doe againe
Commend good manners, & good fashions to,
Well I perceiue we shall haue much adoe
To please you in these things:— But now take heed
The same impostume doe not in you breed,
That either you dissemble must this guise,
Or forced be with men to temporise;

For

AN ANSWER TO

For as the times induce, when that I see
You bare before a man of high degree,
Talke with a *Lady* of great eminence,
Discourse of matters of some consequence,
With *Councillers* or *Lords* of outward state,
(Whom peraduenture in your heart you hate)
—What will you doe, I hope you will forbear
To speake aloud, or hollow in the eare,
You will not bluntlie tell them, what you thinke,
But rather from your former freedome shrinke,
I hope the knee will bend, the bodie bow,
The hand be kist, and that you well know, how
To please them all, nay say, what *passion*, will,
Custome and nature doth instruct vs still
To fashion vp our liues vnto the times,
And vse the selfe-same things we count for crimes :
Then cease to purge your selfe by hauing not
Such faults you count to honestie a blot.
For though we reach not to those higher straines
Of *Machiuillian* pollicies, and vaines
Of true obseruants : Yet say what you can,
In some things we sin all, and the best man
Must bad men play, though not from false intent,
Yet to maintaine a ciuill complement,
And if we should the matter so discusse :
Harshnesse and strange morositie is worse,
Then friendly shewes :— Againe to stint debate
We may reprove, but we must no man hate.
xxy. —You haue no mind to flatter, nor to muse,
That with some drunken fit you would abuse,

Or

WITHER'S MOTTO.

r Fidler like after full cups to sing,
 r other poorer rimes out forth to bring,
 s either men are warmed by their blood,
 r would their sports and laughing fits make good,
 r some occasions *Epigrams* compile,
 r wits by stranger *Poesy* beguile
 themselves: -- Why? who did euer know
 man of sense so frantick for to grow
 o spend his time in voluntarie ill?
 Without some motiue for him to fulfill
his will part; -- But say you could not liue
 Without reward, and that your muse must giue
 hire satisfaction to your want, and so
 n Aldermans executor doth grow
 o termes of composition for a verse,
 Which *Epitaphes* and *Epigrams* rehearse:
 r that a *Lady* sends a tripping groome
 or a loue-song, or *Anagram*, from whom
 ou vnderstand some secrets: or more to
 n *Usurer*, if you will haue it so,
 Would haue his fathers exequies adorn'd
 With words of good report: shall all be scorn'd?
 hat may thee honest sport or profit bring:
 o write *Encomions* is not loud to sing,
 r publish, what thy priuate muse doth doe,
 hope there's more then that belongs thereto.
 -- As for thy wisdom; that thou wouldst not straine
 thy well-bred wits for any man in vaine
 Without desert, and merit, vertue, worth,
 Or that renowne which *Learnig* bringeth forth:

*Facunda
 ca ires quen
 non fecere
 defectum.*

Why?

AN ANSWER TO

Why; why good Sir: if thou dost this at all;
Whom canst thou praise, or so right worthy call;
Or whom canst thou traduce for such extreames,
But others glowing heates haue the like beames;
As for the heart, descrie it if you can,
It hath and will deceiue an honest man.--

*admiranda
iust sed
in creden-
s Poeta.*

— But now I see you haue a tricke in this
To tell vs, what's in *Poesie* amisse,
Because you would haue ignorants to know,
How variously a learned man may grow
Deformed in his wits:-- But if againe
I tell you when necessities constraîne;
We are excus'd; what needs this partiall vaunting
Of scorne or flattery, we still are graunting
The selfe-same thing: that *vertue* should not make
A false account, but patiently betake
Her selfe to her owne *Items*, whether poore
Or rich she liue: yet men from dore to dore
Are loth to beg, yet by your rule they must,
If to reward of vertue they doe trust:--
Then cease a while, and let me heere conclude,
That gaines and profit doe the best delude:

— *You haue no partialitie*, nor loue
That man, which must your obseruation moue,
From his owne greatnesse, or augment your scorne
As in the world neglected, and forlorne
He lies: but meane goodnesse for to respect,
Who e're the same condemne, or yet neglect.

— *You haue no soothing humour* to make good
The iests of men, or warme them in their blood,

When

WITHER'S MOTTO.

When they would haue applauses : but you take
One euen course, and all for vertues sake.--
Nay, if he gentrie boast you would pull downe
That ostentation with an angrie frowne,
Except his actions doe proportion keep
With their great fame, which in their graues doe sleep--
—What greater partiality can be
Then this wherein you so much disagree
With common sense, as though one selfe-same stone
Obscured in base lead, or horne were one
With that, which is embellished by Art,
Set out in gold, as workman plaies his part,
By adding lustre to the same :--- So men
Doe grace their native vertues farre more, when
They noble are, or comelie to the eie.
—Thus in the Sunne we doe a glorie spie,
When he doth shew his fullest radiance,
And not when through a cloud we see him glance.
—As for the rest, I know not what you call
Applauding of great men, but this is all
We shoot at her, for to augment our state,
And higher rise, though it be nere so late;---
How shall such ones then be fairelie intreated,
That are alreadie so transcendent seated?
Or would you be transported in this kinde,
Not to affoord respect, although you finde
Some things to crosse your humours, *Cynicke fits*;
Are therefore men the worse for our fond wits?
—Now come to dignitie, and outward show?
If you faine would men by their owne actions know,

And

*Gratior e
pulchro ve
niens è co
pare Virtu*

AN ANSWER TO

And for because you thinke it ill or well,
 You would a lesson to their *Lordships* tell,
 As though you had some workeman been of old
 In honours *Pallace*; as though times doe hold
 One selfe-same course, and not admit of change
 Euen in mens manners, when a Countrey grange
 Doth from her owners wealth scorne base to lie,
 But *Pallace*-like her Turrets reares vp high:
 What thinke you then? dare not men goe astray,
 Because you looke at high designs, a way
 Which must confine them to the glorious deeds
 Of *Dauids* Worthies: this prescription breeds
 Such grudging mongst them all, and to say truth
 We haue no such imployment for our youth,
 And if we had, rewards are not so rife,
 Therefore doe *Lords* act out another life
 Of peace and plenty, welcomming with all
 The *Vices* which attend the same, and call
 Them what you will, this phrase I vse
 (Not that I would impiety excuse)
 It is the times fault, and the fruit of ease
 That meaner men then *Lords* themselues doe please
 With barren pleasure, gaming, lust, and smoake,
 Which blacks their braines, as they their senses choake
 Swelling their bodies with ranke humours vp,
 As they carowse of *Bacchus* wanton cup,
 To fill their vaines with strange lasciuious blood,
 Working at last no other end or good
 Then foule diseases: For as hot ranke ground

All times
 are not for
 imploy-
 ment.

Queritur
 Egiſtus;
 uare fit
 actus a-
 luste, in
 romitu
 ausa est,
 e (id est) ma-
 rat.

Dot

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Doth ouer-choake the corne with ranker weeds :
So in mens bodies such corruption breeds
(For want of martiall exercise) that harme
Which neither *Physicke*, nor *Elixars* charme :
Ile name no more, but let them here alone,
Nor grieve not you, or make so great a moane
For their vnworthinesse : because the Law
(Which keepes the lauishnes of tongues in aw)
Intends that *Princes* fauours doe bestow,
For that in peace men doe more vertuous grow,
And though thou fret, others doe yeeld a reason,
When any great offender out of season
Hath life afforded : this they learne of God,
Who out of mercy spares, or sends a rod,
And as God from mens questions doth surmount :
So *Princes* of their actions yeeld no count :--
—*You haue no friends*, but such, as shall be so
Endeer'd at all times, whether weale or woe,
Nor doe you prise mens loues by out-ward state,
Whether afflicted, or made fortunate :
Nor doe you care for such, as meane to loue
For their own endes.-- Whence comes it, that you moue
Such *Paradoxes* ? what alwayes alike ?
The Smith you see doth not his iron strike
When it is cold -- Nor can the Sunne preuent
The *Moones* Ecclipse ; -- Therefore be thou content
To looke at friendship, as it lookes on thee
With *Vertues* raies : for if thou doe agree
To *Passion*, it will make thee *passionate*,
And with encombrances confound thy state.

How
friends
may be
forsake

—But

AN ANSWER TO

—But if againe thou wilt be so precise,
All friendship vnder vertue to comprise,
And so condemne distinction by a name,
Which lookes not after charitie, but fame;
Which shuts out nature, and would seeme diuine,
Then looke about for seuerall Sunnes to shine,
Or else goe from the earth. For if thou liue,
Thou must obserue some methode, and so giue
Reason her due, and not contented be
With euerie friend, 'cause he was friend to thee.

—For in plaine tearmes, say that he slacke his hand,
Doeſt not thou slacke thy loue? Say that he stand
A Leper in thy sight, wilt thou imbrace
Or cling vnto the kisses of his face?
Say that Religion kept him once in awe,
Wilt thou keepe still to him against the Law?
Say that he froward proue with griefe, or age,
And turne sweet blessings into furious rage;
What still thy friend? --- Sure though thou didst so say,
I know thou knowest the safe, and better way,
Not that I would haue honest men be left
In their extreames, when they are quite bereft
Of worldlie succour; but to be content
If vicious life bring vices punishment.
—As for reuealing secrets, or discover
The doting frenzie of a sodden louer;
I well beleene, thou hast no minde to doe it,
Except a riuallship may put thee to it,
Or some crosse courtship to preuent a sonne,
Or other chance hindring what's well begunne.

But

WITHER'S MOTTO

But say thou come to argue with faire reason,
What wilt thou do about concealing treason?
Or other terrours, shaming thee to be
A secret friend to such necessitie.

—*You have no dotting humour, loue sicke vaine,*
To follow that, which runnes away amaine;
Nay you doe scorne a *melancholly* fit,
Or angry *passion*, to be mou'd with it;
As though you could confine infirmitie
Within the compasse of sweet modestie;
And trust your owne strength in these sinfull daies
To wrestle with corruption, which alwaies
Hath found your betters?--- *Nay you have no cause,*
No priuate cause against the publike lawes,
No enuie, malice, or a wretched minde
To be distasting, froward, or vnkinde
Through filthie lucre, and abortiue gaine,
Which the faire liues of greater men doe staine.

—And yet you know that God hath thus proclaim'd,
These be the latter times for sinne defam'd:
And yet your *Satyres* haue you famous made
For speaking freelie against euerie trade;
And scourging vanitie, though great ones stricke
By power, by right, by wrong, to make it thricke:
And yet you know, because you were so hardie
To passe your bounds, the State did take you tardie.

—*You have* no minde aduancement to intreat
For your admission into honours seat,
Nor with a *Favourite* your state to change,
Though nere so fortunate.--- Why this is strange; Y

C

could

AN ANSWER TO

Could not some other Lord haue seru'd your turue,
Or *Ladies Minion*? But you must needs spurne
At Fortunes darling:— Yet you wischie fall
Into another straine, and bring withall
An *Argument* of high saluation,
Drawne from the firmesse of election;
Wherein you doe no more, then *Mores* and *Turkes*
With whom their *Priests* effectually so workes,
That the poore slaue doth hope for *Paradice*
With the proud *Bashaw*, be he nere so wise.

ussion al-
wable,
eStoicks
ndem-
ed.

—*You nere retraited* any thing you writ,
Nor qualified the humors of a fit;
But made your tongue the freeman of your heart
To beare together one true equall part:
No fauours of great men haue pult you vp,
Nor pouerty presented sorrowes cup:
Nay you are resolute, firmly to stand,
What euer want or mischiefe take in hand.
Well, be not so deceiu'd, you morall are,
And know *Philosophy* maintaines a warre
Against the *Stoicks* for this confidence;
Yea, where religion hath best residence,
It yeeldeth sometime vnto *passion*,
And many times admits a fashion
Of sorrow, ioy, hope, and affrighting feares,
Of loue, delight, and powerfull sobbing teares,
Of hearts compunction, though for no raging sin,
Yet for the errours we continued in:
Why say you then, you nere repented ought
You writ or spoke, or once for mercy sought?

Wh

WITHER'S MOTTO

Why say you then, you neuer brought content
To your sad soule by any accident?
Why say you then, the coward world doth quake
At that, which cannot yet your firmenesse shake?
—Oh be not thus transported with your strength,
A prouder confidence may faile at length,
You little know what pouertie can worke,
Nor what strange mischietes vnder wants doe lurke,
What braue aspiring *Spirits* it hath drownd
In bogs of penurie, yea to confound
Vertue her selfe; for though a man may strue
With death and aches, while he is aliue;
Yet when the spirit failes, & breath is gone,
The carkase fals.—And so when there is none
To helpe a poore decaied soule, what then?
Must he needs starue, if that some other men
Releeue him not? Say fettered that he lie,
And sustenance doth faile, must he needs die?
Elias rauens flie not now, I hope,
Nor are heauens windowes set so widely ope
To raine downe *Manna*, or the full fed quails
To feed them still, when famishment assailes?
Say sicknesse make him pale, bloud leaues his feat,
Vlcers eate on him, and the feuer beat
His panting heart, or wounds doe make him rore,
Or palsey shake, or other terrors store
His fulsome Chamber, where's his *Vertue* now?
His *qualities*? his *wit*? Nay tell him, how
He shall be cured; what without some reliefe?
And yet you feare, nor pouertie, nor grieve:

Pou

Pa
in
Bon
ribn

AN ANSWER TO

Say that the wife sit wringing of her hands,
Because she wants the iointure of her lands,
The children cry for bread, and in the dirt
Trot bare foot by her side, or other hurt
Affront thee; be it scorne, or harsh disgrace,
Or quipping at thy follies to thy face;
With exprobration of improvidence,
Where's now thy brauerie, and confidence? ---

— *ouerpasse* nature's *Antipathy*,
Or by a contrarie fond *sympathy*,
They secrets are, and 'twill be out of season
Of either side to yeeld a handsome reason: ---

a- — Why Nations are affected, I let goe,
na- Or why abhori'd, I say, nor yea, nor no;
As for the English, Apish in each kinde,
Fantasticke, foolish, wauering as the winde:
I could as well as you finde fault withall,
If finding fault may them from faults recall:
But in these things experience teacheth thus,
And I with you the matter so discusse,
That exprobration of a custom'd sinne
Hardens the heart, and sets them fast therein:
As in reuenge in *Ireland* we chase
The Wolfe: for slaughtering sheepe in euerie place,
The following night we looke for further spoile;
So wise men lesse doe gaine the more they toile.
A prison is a punishment to mend
Such refractarie sinners, who offend;
But who can say, that any man was better
By living in a iaille a wretched debter:

WITHER'S MOTTO.

So *Iuuenal* complaines, and so may we
The like effect of *Poets*, *Satyres* see;
For if that God infuse not inward grace,
I see no man giue to your charming place.
—*You* doe not feare, who your religion know,
Nor meane to make thereof a better show,
Then is in prooffe. You will weare truth in graine,
And such a minde possesse, as all in vaine
Deuices shall attempt: Nay, you haue not
Presumption to finde fault with a small spot,
And blurre the paper worse your selfe, and so
From step to step you to high seates doe goe,
Where quicke you fall vpon the *Magistrate*;
Who meane and poore offenders exprobrate,
Searching the vnswept corners of their liues,
And rating them, as they lie chained in giues,
When their owne soules all maculate appeare
Vnto that eie in heauen, which sees so cleere:
For this you angry grow, and fret, and fume,
And could inuective-like some vaine assume.
—Sure this is well, if that it would thus last,
But say the State another reckning cast,
And crosse your zeale, either you alter now,
Or must perforce to stronger bendings bow:
Yea in religious case, whether you liue
At home, or doe your selfe to trauaile giue,
There is you know, but one prepared right,
Now if imploiment bring you to a plight;
Where *Inquisition* bindes you to a post,
What will you presently as Martyr boast?

*Torpe
doctor
culpa
quis i*

W I T H E R ' S M O T T O .

No handsome silence, but a hairebrained will:
The Scripture bids you rather saue then kill,
And flie from towne to towne, not that I meane
You should *Apostate* proue, when that the scane
Of *Christianity* you act, and trie
Your faith indeed: then doe a Gods name die;
But with vaine glorious hardinesse to runne
Into each danger so to be vndone,
Is not by God allow'd, and thus you see
Wise men for rashnesse may condemned be.

adg- — As for fault finders, who be meered are
With durt and filth, and yet presume so farre
To brush anothers dust: — Sure 'tis a time,
side- In which the best are guiltie of this crime:
anti- Our *Saviour* it condemnes, and saies, its true
in- There shall be such: why may not one be you?
? Ther's no deceit like to deceit of heart,
And we are prone to play anothers part,
Either forgetting, that we hau: a share
Within the Play, or willinglie doe spare
Our selues: -- Thus when we heare some smart reproofe
We thrust our neighbours forward, but aloofe
We stand our selues: --- As for the Magistrate,
If any such there be to moue debate,
Present him now, or else traduce him not,
Ther's nothing by diffused cunning got:
Christ did not glance at any sinne in generall,
But *Hypocrite* the Lawier he did call,
The *Pharisee* he brought within his woe,
The *Scribe* was taught his guiltinesse to know,

The

W I T H E R S M O T T O.

The devils were cast out by name: the king
Herod, the king was tearm'd a Fox: to bring
 The rest, it endlesse is. Therefore when that
 At such a point your shaft is aimed at,
 Either desist from shooting wide at all,
 Or hit the man, that you so sinfull call.
 For he that dare say this, sure doth not feare
 Though of *Magnatum scandalum* he heare.
 —*You haue* no good opinion of such men,
 As with excuse of *had I wist* cly, when
 Their proiects faile, nor doe you take delight
 In scoffing at infirmities: you write
 Not gainst the Arts, nor worldlie things imbrace,
 For which all men are troubled in the race.
You haue no beauty, nor attracting forme,
 A Ladies eies, or wanton loue to charme.
You haue no *Sampsons* strength, great weight to beare,
 Nor would a Lions skinne with *Here'les* weare;
 Why what a quoile is here? Yet for the first,
 How doe you know your deeds shall not be curst?
 Can humane wisdom be so prouident
 The end of things before hand to preuent?--
 If you had thought so to displease the King,
 You would haue sure forborne such rimes to sing.
 So that you see your selfe your selfe correct,
 And may for many other things be checkt.
You will not scoffe at weake and slender rimes,
 And yet inueigh gainst vanitie of times.
 You scorne what earth affoords,---yet take in worth,
 What so your wit and labours can bring forth:

*Fato pr
 dent an
 nor.*

AN ANSWER TO

Come, if you get it, purse the gold, and spare not
 But run not forth so fast to say, you care not:--
 As for your strength and beautie; they are gifts
 Not in your power to take, or chuse: no shifts
 Can shun them, when God lends: but you must haue
 Euen that, which in your heart you would not craue:
 And why haue you them not, as you do say,
 Because you would the iesting wanton play,
 With *Statesmen, Ladies, Millstones, Porters strong,*
 Or *Packehorses*; Come leaue, 'tis a poore song.--
 —*I ouerpasse* your knowledge of such things,
 As doe belong to *Common-wealths*, or *Kings*,
 I will not word your wisdom in this kind
 That without *Method* many things I find
 Smarting enough, and worthy of your name,
 Which if they had been brought to one faire frame,
 Would sure haue made a farre more glorious show,
 Whereby their hearts must needs haue long'd to know
 The owner of the place, that with their eies
 Had gaz'd vpon the same; but now it lies
 A little further off from enuious reach,
 Or shot of malice: nay, it feares no breach;
 And let it lie; that none may finde this out
 Of your good meaning, to raise any doubt.
 —*You haue* no money, nor lands falsly got
 From *Churches, Orphans, Widowes*, and what not?
 How can you tell? you sure receiue some coine,
 And doe you know who did the same purloine?
 But you will say, such act was none of yours,
 And him you hate, that any such procures:

I like

WITHER'S MOTTO.

I like it well, but if it should be so,
Why should your sinne your children ouerthrowe:
The law is changed. For if you list to trie,
Our God hath said the soule that sinnes shall die.
— You haue no fowle diseases, nor great debts,
Nor wife, nor child, nor many other lets,
Nor wealth enough for hospitalitie,
Nor free expences out of solitie,
And yet in *posse* you may haue all these.
For man is subiect when his maker please,
To *Petrachs* fortunes, though he cannot finde
Those sauing remedies he there assign'd:
--- But then you buffle vp your selfe and saie,
You haue a wealth which none can get awaie,
And hope your wit a womans may excell,
Though for her owne ends she deene'r so well.
Nay, as it seemes, I will not call it spleene,
Some wondrous heire hath sure your riual beene,
With whom you combate by comparison,
That as his yeares increase, vices grow on
His blacke corrupted soule, like wennes in trees,
Which bunch out with deformitie: yet sees
He nought, but on a golden out-side lookes,
Turning the leaues of his ill cast vp bookes:
But other men a better reckning knowe,
That lust and riot will him overthrowe.
--- For as stiffe claie is hardned in the Sun,
And yet with water easie made to runne:
So riches rammed with a griping hand,
Or strange oppression, cannot safely stand

Riches
without
vertue.

With-

AN ANSWER TO

Without disperſing. For when once they flie,
 Like water ſpilt vpon the ground they lie,
 And then ſuch fooliſh owners cannot tell,
 Which way to liue, except they pawne or ſell
 Their patrimonyes: ſo they periſh muſt,
 Whereas you doe to noble vertue truſt,
 Framing your life to wiſdome, which is ſure,
 Like ſome ſtrong rock, that can all ſtormes endure:
 —Nay by this meanes you hope to get a wife,
 Who ſhall iudicious proue, making your life
 Conformable to hers, and hers to you:

Oh that theſe things might come within my view!

fpraiſe —For (as I hope for bliſſe) I wiſh you well,
no pro- Yet would another did the ſtory tell,
for deſ- To adde more luſtre to your faire renowne,
are. Becauſe a man venturing o to farre may drowne
 Himſelfe: but if a friendly helping hand
 Support him vp, he then may ſafely ſtand:
 Thus praife and honour haunt men by degrees,
 And follow worthines, as wiſdome ſees
 To whom her attributes belong: yet as againe
 The prouerb is, who ſnatcheth, workes in vaine:
 So he that will haue glory fore his time
 May faile with him, who doth too haſtly climbe.
Wife —As for your wife, which yet I doe but name
 Becauſe within your ſcrowle I finde the ſame:
 You yet haue none not, knowing what to haue,
 Vnleſſe you might in braſſe her manners graue,
 And faſhion vp a peece of your owne making:
 Then peraduenture ſhe were worth the taking.

Thus

WITHER'S MOTTO

thus haue I read *Pigmalion* made a shrine
of marble so well shap't in euery line,
that he did dote on that he had begunne,
and fell in loue er' it was fully done:

by you would haue a wife, if she were faire,
young, comely, rich, religious, debonaire,
or stated in some large inheritance,
extracted from some worthie parentage,
lumbled at all times to obedience,
as man is made the head in conscience:

—What need more words, or being further headie? S. Thomas

Ye haue a worthie knights good wife already,
to which I thinke you cannot add much more,
then with applause he hath prescrib'd before.

Overbury.

—Now in good truth, you would some wonder shew
your selfe on such a woman to bestowe.

Could not some one or two good qualities,
With other reasonable abilities,

to *Catalogue* your name with honest friends :
but you must needs contriue vnheard of ends.

Come. Come, what God appoints shall surely be,
to which your pious heart doth soone agree.

For as our Marchants know not what may chance,
When they their longer voiajes aduance,

But must endure the tempest of the Sea,

The furies of the winde, heauens thundring plea,

The rage of stormes, shipwracks, and dangerous leakes,

The shallow sands, the rock which all things breakes:

Some fearefull harbours, passages vnknowne,

And thousand perills, which are yet vnshowne,

Famine

AN ANSWER TO

Famine, wants, drough, and mutenies aboard,
Fire and mischief, as such ships affoord,
And peradventure *Atheists* in the place,
Who may blasphemie our God vnto his face,
With all the rest depending on their fortune,
Who doe such fearefull iournies once importune.
—So fares it with the married man—*preventia*
Cannot be drawne from any first contention,
But we must yeeld to fate, and make a triall
Of that which God appoints without deniall,
And so though you haue not, you yet may saie,
What you would haue full fame another daie.
—Passing thus on, you quickly fall from hence
To tell vs what you haue not in your sence,
No prying eies to looke on faulcs farre off,
No idle tongues by iests to make a scoffe,
No open eares to heare a fondlings tale,
No lauish hand to put all things to sale,
No feeling of vnworthie taunts, or wrongs,
No impudence to craue what not belongs
To your desert: no credulous conceit
To apprehend each rumour or deceit:
No memorie, reuenge to thinke vpon,
If faire attonement be but comming on,
No foolish wit to gibe, or plaie the knaue,
No cowardise to feare or life to saue,
When honest actions are proposed to vs,
Which yet may seeme with danger to vndoe vs:
No wilfulnesse to sinne, though that renowne
With high preferment might our actions crowne:

senses
perfect.

No

WITHER'S MOTTO.

To cruell basenesse to insult with pride
 To see a wretch his fortunes cast beside,
 To hardned heart mercie for to denie,
 To him in sorrow which doth prostrate lie:
 To such unhappinesse to be his sonne,
 Who hath his lands and wealth vniustly wonne,
 To strange amplexure for a foolish man,
 Or him which nought but complementall can:
 To humour in dishonestie to thrive,
 Though *Lordly Peeres* the plot doe so contriue.
 To trick of pollicie to catch at fame,
 Or vainer hopes after some frothie name,
 To wealth, except the riches of the minde,
 Or pouerty if we such riches finde,
 To settled humour but on things diuine,
 To confidence but when you doe assigne
 Your soule to God, whether you sleep or wake,
 His course you custome, and will daily take.
 -- Beleeue me, this is well, but now withall
 I'll tell you, which by chance doth fall
 Within my store. When that the Prophet told
Isaels fortunes, wherein he was bold
 To reckon vp a many cruell deeds,
 At which his very heart both drops and bleeds,
 What (quoth the Prince) am I a dogge to be
 The author of such woe and miserie?
 And sure he was so farre off from the same,
 That he the Prophet heard with fearefull shame:
 -- But when at last he *Syrus* crowne did weare,
 He was forgot he formerly did heare.

*Fortuna
 humana
 fingit ar-
 bitratq; ut li-
 bet.
 Plautus in
 Capt.*

For

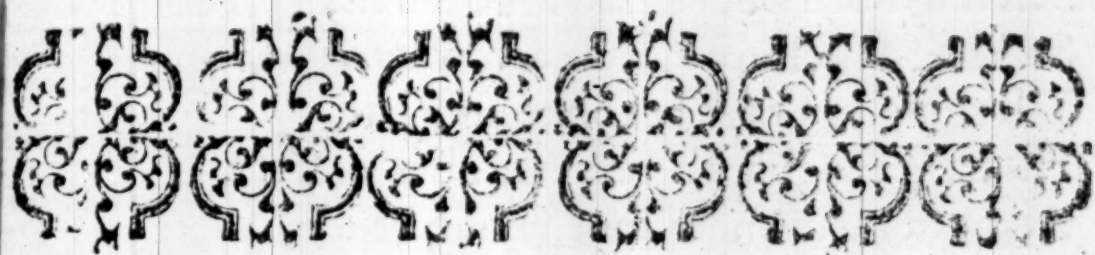
AN ANSWER TO

For rage came on with raigning, and his power
Increased with his furie euery howre :
Fraitie had got of reason vpper hand,
And greatnes weaker, wisdom did withstand,
And when was this, even when he did disclaime
To haue his vertue foil'd with any maim.
—And what are you? that may not haue all this,
Although you now suppose nought is amisse,
You see what in your *Catalogue* I name,
If then you blot it, who shall read the same?
You doe write mortall man, and I am sure
No constant goodnesse doth in man endure,
But by a working grace to him vnknowne,
As by the passages of life is showne :
—Then take you heed; *presumption* canker like
Eats on our flesh, aiming our soule to strike.
And so I end, yet neither rage nor raue:
For what we haue not now, anon we haue.

Remem-
ber this
Caution.

*Sum felix, quis enim neget hoc? felixq; manebo,
Hoc quoq; quis dubitet, tutam me copia fecit,
Maior sum, quam cui possit fortuna nocere.*

Ovid. Met. lib. 6.



AN ANSWERE TO WITHERS
NEC CAREO.

—**Y**OU are not now so humble as you were,
But doe your selfe more high, & prowdly beare:
Or else the *Motto* carries such a straine,
As that you must not of your wants complaine:
Yet all you doe is without complement
To bring it vnto this, you liue content,
And thus you want nothing which life doth craue,
Or man against necessitie would haue,
And thus you want no quietnesse of minde,
To take in worth what you at home doe finde:
And thus you want no gouernment to season
Those tumours, which may swell beyond faire reason,
But gladly welcome, what God doth bestowe,
Whether your cup haue ought or overflow:
—Take heed, you want not now a temperance
Of moderation crosses to endure
Without insulting; for there is a pride,
Which God in poverty doth still deride.
—When *Plato* made a Feast vnto the rest,
Diogenes came in among the best,

Pride
pouertie

Salu-

AN ANSWER TO

Saluting none, but like a dogge did sit,
Snarling at gestures, and each wanton fit,
Till rising in a rage he tooke his Plate,
His hangings, linnen, carpets, robes of state,
And cast them vnder foot, saying beside,
Thus I doe trample vpon *Platoes* pride.

---- All were amased, except the master, who
Did smile at that he did, or meant to doe,
Replying with a pleasant modestie,
His imperfections he could not denie:

But *Cynicke*, *Cynicke*, to thee I appeale
This is not out of worth, or honest zeale,

maior fa- But in *maiori fastu*, that I knowe,
s. I doe not so offend with handsome show,
As thou with dogged heart, and ragged weeds,
Where vnder arrogance, and selfe-loue breeds.
Therefore desist, and either be a man,
Or let men liue according as they can.

---- Thus thus; when you compare with Eastern king
And make the world beleue, that patience brings
An argument for outward pouertie
To parallell a strong felicitie,
And equall beggers with a rich mans state,
And the dejected with the fortunate.

---- The wiser sort doe smile at this your fault,
Saying you would before a cripple halt,
Nor doe they thinke that mortall man can be
So moderate in harsh extremitie,
Vnlesse he stupid were, and numb'd in sence,
Hauing nor spleene, nor gaule to breed offence.

WITHER'S MOTTO

---For take the patterne of some worthie men,
 Was peerelesse *Iob* no more distempred; when
 Gods rod did lash his sides, and he did roare
 With greivous botches, wounds, and tetter's store,
 Then when he was welcomb'd to double wealth,
 To honour, riches, strength, and perfect health,
 Besides you saw God made a difference
 Betweene his blessings, as he did dispence
 With his extreames, say therefore what you will,
 Or rich, or poore, doe want something full;
 And though you could not sleep, with some mē's wealth
 Amased vp by fowle oppressions stealth,
 Yet better's better, and it is a follie
 To make the world belecue you are so holy.
 ---But what haue other men to doe with this,
 That the composure of your bodie is
 So strong, so iointed, healthfull, and such like,
 As if you would vs with amasement strike
 At the relating of some wonderment,
 Or exelation in the Firmament,
 Or expof'd meteor: thus you laie about
 You want nothing, though others goe without.
 ---Your selfe you answer, you are young, and strong,
 Possessing all, that therevnto belong,
 And so doe thousands moe, who yet complaine
 Of manie wants, and that they crie in vaine,
 Whereas you God doe praise, and dailelesse
 For your great comforts, and true happinesse,
 For life, for strength, for libertie and all,
 Whereby you want nothing, nor euer shall.

D

For

A N S W E R T O

riendly --- And yet you want another to say so,
 men- Pointing vnto some *Lady* as you goe
 ca. Along the street- see yond r *Gentleman*
 (Besides the qualities, wherewith he can
 Enrich the proudest beautie) handsome is,
 Young, comely, sound, possessing nought amiss:
 He neither liues distemper'd with disquiet,
 Nor surfets in his riot, or his diet,
 He maketh not his house a dicing roome,
 Nor welcome giues to any pander groome,
 His chamber smoakes not with *Tobaccoes* stench,
 Nor are they spewing vpon every bench,
 No othes prophaine the place where he doth lie,
 No time's consumed in sloth, and surquedrie,
 No frantick iestures after fearefull losse,
 Nor execration vpon every crosse:
 No bloodie quarrells for a word let slip,
 No wiles or cunning filinesse to trip,
 No *Sabbaths* breach, nor mocks to such as goe
 To Church, and so with God their time bestow,
 While others worke for fowle damnation,
 Calling their vices recreation.
 He welcomes not a strumpet which a flauie
 May stride if that he so much monie haue,
 Nay manie times the pander, who attends
 Harsh that, which some braue prodigall dispends,
 He taketh not *Elixers* for his lust,
 Nor heats himselfe with amber, nor doth trust
 His bodie with an *Emprick*: his hand
 Knowes not where any Surgeons box doth stand,

But

WITHER'S MOTTO.

But as you see he liues, and walkes, and eats,
And fairely still the companie intreats,
Where he frequents: -- Here were a husband now
To make your beautie blush, and pride to bow,
And though his meanes be small, and in his rooffe
The horne of *Achelous* hangs not aloofe.
Yet is his minde a treasure-house of wealth,
Which cannot be purloind by any stealth.
--- This, or such like, if that some friend did saie,
He surely might a great expense defraie,
Making you farre more happie by report,
Then you your selfe can doe in anie sort:
Therefore desist from running forth so fast
With your owne praises, but let others cast
The mantle of reward vpon your head,
Till honour doe your vertue ouerspread:--
--- You want no iudgement difference to make
'Twixt man and man, and that for orders sake
You want no griefe for your true freinds misdeeds,
But his distresse in you some passion breeds:
You want no loue infirmities to spare:
Nor courage if the cause be good - you dare
Maintaine your confidence, expresse your minde,
And saie the multitude will proue vnkinde,
Whom yet you scorne, and may indeed compare
To rascall deere, that die vpon the bare,
Or rot consumes.--- Nay I am sure they be
Like Crowes on carrion, where they all agree
To fill their cropps while the best flesh doth last,
The bones forsaking, when the hunger's past.

AN ANSWER TO

is a --- But here you want or memorie or will
 To minde what repetitions you vse still.
 For one selfe thing you doe a subiect make
 In diuerse places and still vndertake,
 To dash the multitude, as with a blurre,
 Spurning their tumults, and the wrangling flurre
 They doe procure. --- Againe, you first did saie
 You care for none for his great outward swaie,
 And yet to keepe *decorum* where you liue,
 You must vnto the wicked honour giue.
 --- This sure you doe of purpose to make good
 That for this time all method you withstood,
 And would not formerlie compile the booke,
 Least euery one, who did it ouerlooke,
 Your meaning might misconster when they saw,
 Your muse resolu'd enormities to draw
 Before the barre of vertue to reforme,
 What might and did the better for deforme,
 Making the beautie of faire innocence
 Adulterate by rapes and violence,
 Oppression, bribes, reuenge, stealth, and what not,
 As sinne of times the vpper hand had got.
 Thus still you aime at generall misdeeds,
 Because no wrangling hand shall sowe the seeds
 Of discord in your waie, or throwe a blocke
 To hinder your smooth walk. --- As for a mock,
 You cast it slightlie off with noble scorne,
 As if you were to higher reaches borne. ---
 --- Whier this is well, if it be taken so,
 But yet you carelesse are, and onward goe,

Saying

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Saying, you want not knowledge to discover,
Who of true wisdom is a constant lover,
Then presentie you fall to this againe,
That seeming honestie doth leaue a staine
Vpon the conscience, and an outward show
Without a purer heart doth ouerthrow
The large effect of sad deuotion,
And soone diuerts from each good motion,
From whence religion is hipocrisie,
As ill, or worse then any heresie,
So you inferre that wiser men beginne
With ciuill courses which doe end in sinne.
--- Well though you want not now an honest heart,
To act your selfe a worthie *Christian* part,
Yet cannot you deserue the fowle deceit
Of strange dissembling men, that from conceit,
Though not from malice, open both their armes,
As if they were bewitched with your charmes,
And at next turne repine at arrogance,
Which putt you thus your labours to aduance:
--- Nay, you are not alone, I haue men leene
Euen in their graspings make a mock betweene,
Their curtesies, and as they laie along
Vpon their shoulders loll a scurvie tongue.
Another yeelds his friend his praises due
Vnto his face, but meeting with a crue
He better likes, he tells them, he is weake,
And farre from that, of which doth rumour speak:
Another vaunts, wherein he haue releued
His friends distresses, but retracts as greeu'd

AN ANSWER TO

He hath bestow'd his cost in such a sort,
And then againe puts all off with some sport.---

--- As for religion, I doe feare to name it,
rise Or how so manie false professours shame it,
Thronging to Church for priuate ends, or looke
With wanton roling eies quite off their booke,
The rest I could recite, but this I saie,
He that for forme doth come, were well awaie,
And he that serues not God meerelie for loue,
I doe his best deuotion disapproue.

--- From whence I point it thus, you needs must lacke
A cunning strength to laie men on the rack,
Or wrest from them confession of this treason
Gainst God, to serue him out of sensuall reason.
For if saluation commeth by our faith,
As in a manie places Scripture saith,
How shall we knowe the faith of any man,
Which doth it not expresse doe what you can,
These rules haue passiue contradiction,
And you and I shall be but lookers on.

vl. dg
ma- --- As for thole arts, and sciences you knowe,
With whose sufficiencie awaie you goe:
Both you and I want many secret things,
Which with great studie men to learning brings.
For though we glance and somewhat by the waie,
'Tis like the dogges that running dare not staie
For feare of *Crocodiles* but water lap
At *Nilus* bankes: If that we perhap
May blesse our God for an infus'd light
Sufficient to bring vs to the right.

Yet

WITHER'S MOTTO

Yet is it farre from that glorious sun shine,
Which shewes both humane, and all things diuine:
Then saie not to thy soule, set downe and rest,
Thou hast enough of knowledge with the best,
Least others doe that parable recite
Of him, that all his wealth lost in one night,
Because he boasted what he had in store:
Few words are best, and so I saie no more
But this what er' the heart possesseth so:
More is vnkowne then anie man can knowe:--
--- You want not sense of their sore downfall, which Nor so
preiud
Liue in the heat of pride, and are so rich
With plentie, that they swell like full growne grapes,
Vntill they burst, so none of them escape,
A vengeance due vnto their riots lust,
Or high looking ambition, till the dust
Of Kings displeasure flie into their face
With some strange whirwinde blowing vp disgrace
Vpon their heads, vntill they sinke so lowe,
That those they scorn'd doe oer their honours goe
All which is but coniecture; for I finde
The spirit saie, no spirit in his kinde
Can tell before hand, though it be begunne,
What shall hereafter happen vnder Sunne:---
--- We well may guesse---as from contagious heat,
That on some dunghill doth reflect and beat
To putrefie the aire, a plague may breed,
With burnings, feauers, drought, to worke some deed
Of terrour in a land.-- Thus when we see
A man resolu'd to surfets, or to be

AN ANSWER TO

Strong to drinke wine, and ouer liberall
 To satisfie his lust, we may conclude,
 These wanton courses will his health delude,
 And so corrupt the bodie that the same
 Diseases shall attend with paine, and shame.--
 ---So faies it with the soule, and working minde,
 If pride, revenge, or sinne in any kinde
 Prædominant, doe drawe it by degrees
 To open action:-- who is purblinde, sees,
 Gods wrath must fall more heauie then this frame
 Of heauen and earth, as *Poets* call the same,
 On *Hercules* and *Atlas* shoulders lights,
 Who beare all vp with strange vnusuall mightes.
 -- You come at last by waie of *negative*,
 Which in effect doth proue *affirmative*,
 For to the wants, as you applie a no,
 We by the proceſſe haue it nothing so:
 But rather for deficiencie we finde
 A sort of blessed graces in your minde:
 --- Such as a ioy to ioy in hope of blisse,
 A true contrition to mend all amisse,
 A godly feare for shrinking vnder sinne,
 A care to keepe the conscience cleane within,
 A constant heart to beare with penurie,
 A resolution against miserie,
 A braue Heroick spirit to endure,
 What purblinde Forrune euer could procure.--
 --- Wounds though they smart are borne with cheerful-
 The thoughts prepar'd are 'gainst heauinesse,
 The cies are vigelant, and so can wake,

An

WITHER'S MOTTO.

An Ague or the palsie doth not shake
You with distemperature : --- And whereas we
Hane heard braue Orators plead for a Fee,
Gracing their Clients with comparifon
Of worthy Peeres informer ages gone :
You challenge all the world for a strong heart
To brooke, what ere despight from it impart.
— In hauing these, thus sure you doe not want,
Nor of Gods blessings is your portion scant,
Vnlesse (as I haue said) you temper lacke
To binde vp close into one handsome packe
These benefits of nature for more vse,
Then in exposing them to mens abuse : ---
For either they will wonder at your store,
Or verily suppose, you vaunt of more
Then euer man did, as one man possesse ;
Be therefore quiet with them more or lesse.
— You come at last to some affection,
Which you want not : so from conuiction
Of the discourse we finde, that this you haue :
A hate of sinne, be it in foole or knaue,
A courteous hand for to salute another,
As when a louing brother greets abrother ;
A free forgiuing heart vpon submission,
A Christian libertie, from a Commission
Which God hath sign'd. -- Great comforts yo possesse,
Which may as great afflictions soone redresse,
To these you adde a faith which cannot moue,
But lookes vp right to heavenly things about :
A hope, which no aduersitie can wrong,

Though

AN ANSWER TO

Though for a time you seeme to lie along,
A loue vndaunted. For it hath a charme
Against the deuils, that they doe no harme.
—Of all which blessings you proceed to boast,
And yet cast vp the reckning w th your hoast.
For God you say doth as a father deale
With you his childe, and not himselfe conceale;
When that you runne astray, but seekes you out
In this worlds wildernesse, and without doubt
Will bring you home, that nere you wander more,
The *simile* hath Scripture places store.

—But now if this doe rauish you indeed,
e. inuinc As if that *Paul* and you were both agreed
left. ni- To boast of visions in some *Hierarchie*,
scilicet Will it not errour proue? If you relie
scilicet al- Vpon more righteousnesse then other men,
Because more blessed gifts. What say you then?
Or what shall I say to your Muse, dispos'd
(As a discourse of diuers things compos'd)
To some state snatches, hitting by the way
Men, which themselues to wickednesse betray:
You other pretie morall bitings haue,
With such inuectiues which doe sinne deprauē,
You talke of humane reason, and doe show
What is the best for honest men to know:
You fetch a circuit from raptures diuine,
And all one league of martiall force combine
To pull to rubbish the enchanted fort
Of vanitie, wherein our worldlings sport
Without a sense of change, but at the last

WITHER'S MOTTO.

There is
no iustif
ing of a
mans self

In foule deformed shiuers it is cast.
— Yet for all this, I tell you what men say,
Church-men I meane, whom zeale hath led the way
To honest knowledge, and religious care
Of practising their duties, men so rare
That Prince and people haue admir'd their gifts
As vncompounded with politic shifts. ---
— *A man* were better lie vnder some crosse
Humbled for sinne, then mingle gold with dross;
That is, then boast of righteousness, or thinke
Ones selfe more godlie, 'cause he will not wincke
At others faults, but harshlie reprehend
Vnder a colour, that they may amend.
Alas, alas, our cheifest holinesse
Is like a menstruous cloth in filthinesse;
Who knowes not, that good gifts are from aboue?
For which be thankfull, but away remoue
The boasting of them: For in charitie
There is a rule of some imparitie,
That who soeuer doth his almes bestow,
Hinders the same, if he a trumpet blow.
— After this *Catalogue* of iewels nam'd
You forward goe, and are not much asham'd
Them to compare with riches of proud *Spaine*;
Boasting that you alone thereby should gaine
More wealth then *Pluto's Mexico* affords,
Or any miler which his treasure hoordes:
— By this discourse, I now remember well,
What *Bias* said, when banished he fell
Into the hands of the cuts; Wealth sure I haue,

But

AN ANSWER TO

uniamer-
cum por-

eat
ast.
 But all I haue I carry to the graue
 I meane a vertue flourishing about me
 For I haue naught of worldly wealth without me;
 And thus you scoffe the proud *Monarkes* of state,
 With whom you doe compare at highest rate :--
 —If they haue guardes and no harme feele,
 You innocence inioy, and coates of armed steele,
 —If they be be *Princes* sonnes--you are the child
 Of God Almighty euer vndefiled :
 —If they of followers boast vntoucht, vncast,
 A troope of *Angels* followes you as fast :
 —If they in friends delight : *Abram* was call'd
 The friend of God :-- so good men are enstall'd.
 What other things you speake, I will not speake,
 Because I purpose not order to breake :
 —*You want* no office-- For a *Christian* life
 Is well imploid, hauing both toile and strife :
 You want no pleasures :-- For what God doth please
 Affords you all things with delight and ease :
 You want no company-- For *Christians* finde
 Society enough of euery kinde :
 You want no armour for a martiall fight.
 You haue the armes of a *spirituall* Knight :
 You want no scaling ladders gainst a wall,
 By faith and prayer you to heauen call :
 Nay in a word a thousand blessings more
 The God of blessings addeth to your store ;
 So you conclude, that if the King did know,
 How rich you liue, he would on you bestow

WITHERS MOTTO.

This wish, that if he were not he
He might desire then your selfe to be.

—The selfe same-word did *Alexander* say

Into *Diogenes*, when as he lay

Within his tub, as a fierce kenneld cur,

corning the King, deriding all the stir

his Army made, geering at follies, which

The world prepared gainst the poore, and rich,

Denying all things that might him controule,

except the immortality of soule.--

—The *Monarch* told him, he could to him giue

Honour and wealth: he answered he could liue

Without them both: he could bereaue his life.--

That were a way to stint the wondrous strife

betweene his soule and body: -- he could make

the people him obey--that were to take

his owne obedience from him to the gods,

and set his heart with better things at ods:

—Well sayes the *Cynick* seeing you are so free,

that which y cannot giue, take not from me

the sunnes deere light: but stand beyond my Cell,

and I without you shall doe passing well;

What quoth the King, I can command thee serue,

then little will be left the wormes to serue:

My very word bereaues thee of thy sight,

so shall I scape the dangers of delight:

My tongue I can pull out; Then shall not I

blaspheme the gods, nor shew a feare to die.--

This and much more the king and he did chat,

that diuers times he from his Army gat

A Dia-
logue be-
tweene
Alexander
and *Diogenes*.

To

A N A N S W E R T O

To commune with him ;-- when he saw him sure
That no temptation could a change procure,
He turned about, and told *Ephestion* thus :
This man alone hath cleare'y conquered vs :
If I great *Alexander* were not now,
To be *Diogenes* I would know how.

— Yet for all this be you more milde, then so
And thinke, that God on man did once bestow
This goodly world, and his braue furniture
To serue his turne, while he did there endure ;

smos,
autifull.

— Yea for theis sakes, whom you doe boast so much
The free *Elected* : though we know none such
By outward show, all things were brought in frame,
Them to enrich, and praise God for the same

— Then vse them freely, but be no mans iudge,
Nor at their greatnesse either storme or grudge :

As for the blessings, which you glory in,
I like them well, if that it were no sin

Presumptuous so to be - For sure the best
Came short of that, wherein you safely rest :

King *David* liued in feare : -- *Iob* did mistrust
Himselfe a greater sinner, when in dust

He lay -- *Abram* fell downe, and would not looke
Vp vnto God, vntel he mercy tooke,

The *Prophets* all disclaimed their worthinesse,
The *Patriarkes* confest their filthinesse :

Peter wtl with his feet, wash head and hands,
Who shall deliuer me from sinnes hard bands,

Paul himselfe ; and yet you nothing want,

Except in one place, where your heart doth pant

Who

WITHERS MOTTO.

When that you say, --you want no faults indeed :--
O doe so still ; and we are soone agreed.

—Deniq³ teipsum

Concute, num tibi quid vitiorum insenerit olim
Natura aut etiam consuetudo mala. Namq³
Neglectis vrenda filix innascitur agris.

Horat. lib. 1. Satyr. 3.

—Disciteq³ o miseri & causas cognoscite rerum
Quid sumus, aut quidnam victuri gignimur, ordo
Quis datus aut metæ quam mollis flexus & unde,
Quis modus argento, quid fas opture, quid asper
Vtile nummus habet patriæ, chariq³ propinquis
Quantum elargiri habet, decent, quem te Deus esse
Iussit, & humana quæ parte locutus es in redisce.

Persius : Satyr. prim.

Postquam: Satyr. xviii.

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AN ANSWERE TO WITHERS
NEC CVRO.

VWhat? worse & worse? and must it needs be so,
That now I doe a carelesse *Christian* know:
And all because he doth pretend a care,
Which God doth take, why this is not so rare.
—From all beginnings men did honour God,
Both for his mercie and correcting rod:
—The *Indians* where the Idol *Devil* sits,
Yet doe allow in their true tempred fits
A power farre superior vnto his:—
The *Sauages*, where all things are amisse,
Pray vnto God,-- *America's* vast land
One God adore, whether they kneele or stand:
The *Negro's* and *Synegas* people say
The soule's immortall, and to God they pray:
The *Mahumetans* thinke so well of God,
That not an *Image* hath with them abode:
The *Moores* do punish blasphemy with death,
When against God they heare prophaned breath:
The *Iewes* yet tremble at *Iehovahs* Name,
And call his workmanship this wondrous frame.

E

--AN

*Premi
Pana.*

AN ANSWER TO

— All these with you can say the worlds great glory
Is but a letter to Gods wondrous story :
And in respect of that, which comes hereafter
cri- Gold is but durt, -- As in the Wife-mans laughter.

— And yet because this great Commander gaue
world A Law whereby the Creature might saue
mans His soule.--- A world to keepe his body in,
So that he keepe it from contagious sin :
A time of life, and so an houre to die,
Adapting euery blessing fittinglie :
Man was to vse all these, and not to spare,
But not abuse them, which must be his care :
Yea, to be carelesse is a fault so great,
That *Solomon* thereof doth much intreat.

Yet here I doe encounter with a man,
That will not, doth not, nor for ought care can.

— *You care not*, for a greatnesse is not good,
Nor malice which corrupts the purer blood,
No complementall friendship likes you now,
Nor to a *Queenes* imbraces will you bow
To haue a sharer, nor such wealth possesse,
Which gotten is by basenesse more or lesse.--

— Though in this mixture I confused finde
Yet you must care for these in euery kinde :

— You must respect vnto your betters show,
se as And how will you your secret goodnesse know,
repents. If men of place doe enuy you in ought,
Doe you not care what mischief may be wrought ;
Because a ruinde Pile begins to fall,
Will you runne vnder the decayed wall ?

WITHER'S MOTTO.

—A friend returnd vnseason'd from a farre,
Will you now scorne him, and make present warre?
A Vsurer presents you with his gold,
Do you this present for pollut on hold?
I will not talke of *Queenes*: but this I sweare,
He that doth lust at a l, will not forbear.

—*You care not* for a praise, except it be
Modell'd aright out of all puritie,
Why sure you thinke, that Angels should descend
From heauen of purpose, these gifts to commend.
You would haue all men doe, which no man did,
Looke to your foule what in the same is hid:

You care for no man, that a *Parasite*
Will heare, before he doth your lines recite:

But he will say inuectiues are as bad,
As calmer soothings, which seeme easilie had:

Come, come; raw wounds will not endure rough hãds *Horrent*
And no man heere on such perfection stands, *motas*
But may be brought in question for those things, *hera gra*
Which out of pleasure he' gainst other brings:--- *manis.*

As for the *Alchemy* you so dispise,
And some deuises now reputed lies,

They are not worth the naming,-- But where you
Care for no knowledge, but Gods law most true:

Either you will confine all learning so,
Or bring it to comparisions, that show,

How in respect of soules eternitie
And holy Scriptures full of puritie,

Nothing is worth *amplexure* vnder Sunne,
Nor scarce the naming:-- So we soone haue done.

AN ANSWER TO

all
ings.

--But when our *Saviour* did to *Martha* say,
One thing was onely needfull, as the way
Vnto *saluation*: he did not exclude
All humane wisdom, learning, nor conclude
Gainst ciuill honesty, or hopefull arts,
Wherewith so many Worthies plaid their parts,
Nor gainst *Egypt's* great library he spake,
Nor other volumnes bad he vs forsake,
And therefore you need not so carelesse be,
Who are of all men of your knowledge free:
---If you respect nothing but Gods deare word,
How comes it, that you to the world afford
These *Verses*, *Poems*, and high straines of wit,
Which I am sure were neuer found in it:
Therefore I know you doe for somethings care,
Hauing in learnings treasure-house a share.

ult fir-
es.

—For presently you fall into a vaine,
Of selfe-commending Poesie, and straine
Your passion, to reprove and chide all such,
As will not with considerate iudgement touch
Your well writ books:-- And thus them you diuide
First into idle *Guls*, who doe deride
Your verses out of base and nasty breeding,
Or spoile them with some harsh and ragged reading:
Then into *Criticks*, who the Tauern's haunt,
And out of some distemperature doe taunt
Your well-composed Muse with tattered rimes,
According to their fits, and drunken times:
—Lastly to *Poetasters*, who presume
On their owne frothy stufte, and so assume

WITHER'S MOTTO.

A cunning vnbesitting shallow braines,
Which nought but ballat sustinence retaines.

—And why should these things startle you in ought, Hone
profir
As though in spleene you for reuengement sought?

If they be poore and base, let them alone;

If they be drinke with riot, all is one;

If by endeauours they doe something get,

And so their mindes to triuiall courses set:

It is but money, and *Vespasians* pisse

Brought in a large reuenew;-- So it is,

With daintie Merchants, and their clothes of gold;

And such, by whom both pitch and tarre are sold.

It is but money, and who difference makes

Twixt selling flesh, or sell: There's none forsakes

His profit, but as he him selfe applies

To homelie courses; thus he liues and dies.

It is but money, and for toies of wit,

Rediculous deuices fondlie writ

Come often to the Printer with successe,

When solide labours will nere passe the Presse:

Therefore desist, and let them to their vaine,

For my part I doe like such honest gaine.

—*You carelesse* are of the disperled newes,

Which either *Pauls*, or our exchange doe vse:

Nay, though the Court doe iustifie the same,

You yet are carelesse of a Courtiers name;

Such Courtiers I doe meane, as boast of wit,

And like some *Mimicks* in a pleasant fit,

Penuriouse frequent each good mans table,

And there befoole themselves, as they are able

Left rs
Trend
Knight

AN ANSWER TO

To catch at ouerslippings of meane men,
Triumphing so with iollitie: but when
The snailes doe meet with harder obiects, Oh
How poorely doe they then their iests bestow,
Pulling their hornes in, putting all things off
Either with laughter, or some sillie scoffe.

—These wits (for so the tearme doth goe) doe hunt
Those Officers, that out of custome grant
Them entertainment, where in impudence
They throng vnto their meat with great offence
Vnto the Master. For he many times
Is faine to tell his guests, before their rimes
Come to his hearing. Then if number hold
Proportion with the roome, these flies are bold
To sucke the honey:--- Thus as smooth as oile
They looke againe, or as great horses soile
Themselues in their owne durt, they all besmeere
Both face and finger with this courtlie cheere.

—Till like full fed Musicians they sit still
A while in silence, till some darling well
Begin the chat, and then they neuer cease,
Nay though the Master bids them hold their peace.
For they are great with childe with iests, and so
Must bring the birth forth, lest it stifled grow.
Looke how you see corruption swell the vaines,
And punish both bloud, sinewes and braines,
Vntill some boiles and botches doe appeare,
Whose ruptures must the rotten carkase cleere:
So fares it with our wits, till gibes and taunts
Burst forth, and many times the presence daunts,

When

WITHER'S MOTTO

When men as hot, though not so quicke, as they
 Bid them befoole themselues some other way;
 And then let these their iests be nere so good,
 They terrour bring if they doe end in blood.

—But why should you thus carelesse be? when all
 The earth for newes a scrutine doth call:

Besides, who euer mastred nature so,
 But he was well content since to bestow
 Vpon faire rumour of the worlds designes,
 Which either men, or their prepar'd assignes
 Hunt after with full greedinesse, till they
 Doe vnderstand what other men can say;
 And so doe rectifie their ignorance,

Est m
 homin
 nouita
 anida

New:

As eicher custome, or some fairer chance
 The Common-wealths rich curtaines draw aside,
 That they may see, what therein doth abide:
 The Churches vswept corners doe discouer,
 That they may know who is Gods deereft louer:
 The Courts high hangings doe hold vp full high,
 That they may view who comes or passeth by:
 The Citie gates and State-house cleanly ope,
 To vnderstand the Common-counsels scope:
 The Countreys carpet lay abroad, to view,
 That they mistake not, what is false or true:—

—And this is *Nature, Custome, Preachers* guise
 To be to others and themselues so wise,
 That they may well adopt each application
 Vnto the Auditors of euerie nation:—

Nay, 'tis no new thing to harke after newes,
 For the *Athenians* still the same did vse,

AN ANSWER TO

Yee, those harsh *Stoicks*, who were stricter men
Beyond our age or people, vs'd it then :
And why should you so singular professe
Your selfe, your life, your libertie, vnlesse
Some power diuine, infused hath a spirit
Of Reuelation for you to inherite
Beyond all other, that you may indeed
Tell, what is in *Apocalyps* agreed
Concerning *Rome*, or other roomes of *Hell*,
Or (as the best newes) who in Heauen dwell.

nity
ie
hye

—You carelesse are of *observation*,
Or any rules of health, or fashion,
Or whether manners, custome of a Table,
Dreames, prophesies, deuices, and are able
To put off cleanelie frightings of the sense ;
As if on earth you had no residence :
But could so manage frailtie with your reason,
That it should neuer yeeld to any season,
Griefe, paine, or sicknesse, or seeke out a cure,
Which should your strength maintaine, or ease procure.
—Why this is strange, that any man should crosse
The order of our fate, with such a losse
Of physicke bookes, of husbandrie, of health,
(For which is still dispensed, so much wealth)
Of Arts, of morall rules, *Astrology*,
Of the abuses of *Tautology*,
With all the rest.--- Nay, verie *Scriptures* tell,
The starres within the firmament excell
Both Sunne and Moone, and are therein expos'd
As signes to men : -- For God hath so disclos'd

His

WITHER'S MOTTO.

His *Counsell* to our vse:-- Thus comes the spring,
Where in the flowers sprout, and birds doe sing.
Thus *Summer* doth approach to ripen corne,
And countrie blessings to our barnes are borne:
Thus *Autumne* yeelds a vintage, and prepares
The plowing ground with other worldlie cares:
Thus Winter keepes the sap within the root,
Hardens the ground with frost and snow to boot,
Haile, raine, and storme, the fields to ouerflow,
And yet this man cares not what windes doe blow:
—Thus *Solomon* sets downe the Pisse-mires toile,
The plowmans labour to manure his soile,
The Marchants traffick with the Artisan,
And all the duties which belong to man.
Thus you shall finde *Physicks* necessitie,
With other sciences conformity,
What strength hath bread, what mirth yeeldes grapes,
What cheerfulness in Oile, yea nothing scapes
The holy word, but it doth shew vs all,
And yet this man cares not what euer fall:
—I speak not of *Antipathies*, though he
Is carelessse whither any such there be,
But you shall further finde, *Christ* tells vs this,
That fiery mornings threaten stormes 'ywis,
And by the skie, or troubled firmament,
Men guesse at that which God hath thereby meant,
And why may not *coniectrall* dreames accord
To some presage warranted in the word,
Why may not somethings be *Propheticall*,
Though the preuention doth not rightly fall

Within

AN ANSWER TO

Within mans reach; yet sure we are to knowe,
The course of times doth alter all things so,
And we may well thereby our hearts prepare,
And yet this man for this doth nothing care.

e mis- ---Then doth he talke of welcome, and of diet,
of such Wherein nothing shall once his minde disquiet,
ntlemē Let Lords and Ladies fume, or chide him so,
depend He from the chamber to the hall doth goe,
on o- Let Steward grudge his presence, what cares he,
rshou- He meanes as he was wont still there to be,
Let seruants whisper curses in his eare,
He iests it out, and can the same forbear,
Let an inferiour be before him placed,
So he make one, he saies, he's not disgraced,
Nay though he rise vpon some fret, or fume,
He suddenly new courage doth assume,
What torment worse then this? and yet there be
Good men euen chain'd to such necessitie:--

---What though he be condemned as he sits
And so affronted with some prowder fits
Of an old toothlesse *Lady*, or her grooms,
Or scabbed children, he yet cares not whom:
All things are welcome to his open heart,
Nay though he see a pander plaie his part
Within the house, a frenzie iest he heare
To quip him to his teeth, he can forbear
All taunts and gibes; no scornes vnto his face,
Nor surly lookes can make him leaue the place.--

---Saie that the young ones paint, or smoak the haire
With powders sweet to make them seeme more faire, A

What

WITHER'S MOTTO.

What's this to him? the fond attires that be
Both whorish and immodest he doth see,
And neuer cares, nor how they sport and plaie,
Prophane, dance, reuell, throwe their soules awaie,
Mingling each word with a false hearted oath,
He keepes his silence, and to check is loath.
For if he once mention a matrones name,
At him they geere, and doe deride the same.
If he a word of priuate praiers glance,
They thinke him mad, or else in some strange trance,
If from their bias throw them to serue God,
And keep the Sabbath, they their heads doe nod,
Lolling their tongues, disclaimeing so to be
Reputed *Puritans* in least degree:--
All this he sees and carelesse lets it passe.
For so it will be, is, and euer was:
And yet this man writes man, hath gifts good store,
As one ingaged to natures bounteous lore:
And yet this man proceeds from gentle blood,
And by his writings hath the world withstood:
And yet this man writes *Christian*, honest, wise,
Though now he carelesse be of any guise,
And yet this man religious writes, and so
Liues better sure, then these his words doe shew --
--The next step that you make is gainst the care
Of certaine superfluities, which are
Produc'd from *Credit, pleasures, money, time,*
Reputing euery one a leuerall crime,
Which doe not giue attendance on the soule,
As vertue may motiues of sinne controule,

Dishonestie.

Or

AN ANSWER TO

Ora pure heart resolute neuer to yeeld,
 Though honestie be foiled in the feeld,
 Nay as it seemes, you rather sinke and die,
 Then be a slaue to raging villanie :
 Sure you doe well if you could haue it so,
 But then you must out of this compasse goe,
 And either not conuerse with men at all,
 Or stumble at such things, as make them fall.
 For this dishonestie you hate so much,
 Hath amongst worldlings such a common touch,
 That it is vsed, though it doe not thriue,
 And out of passion doth each man deprive
 Of vnderstanding: But what shall be done?
 When it the race of gaine and profit runne,
 When it doth fringe the skirts of great mens coats,
 And glides as smooth as oyle downe in their throats,
 Whereby a powerfull tongue checks innocence,
 And by inuersion names it impudence;
 And yet you care not, so your soule be pure,
 How can a pure soule such outrage endure.
 —Nay in my soule, when that you see it so,
 You greeue at heart.-- But now you onward goe
 With carelesse nesse at statesmen raised by Kings,
 As if it danger were to reach at things
 Beyond our strength:-- Yet shall we venter this
 To crie aloud, that great men doe amisse,
 And not be greiued, how the gouernment
 Concussion suffers:-- When we knowe they ment,
 Either to paint their coats with fuming fame,
 As their ambition doth bedawb the same,

honour
 used.

And

WITHERS MOTTO.

And as their hearts are proud, their glorious eyes
Will looke on nothing but the high-built skies:

—Or for some priuate ends to make such men,
As formerly distasted them: but when,
When they were taught wing'd *Pegasus* to stride,
And braue it, mounted in a pompous pride.

---Or out of sordide, and obseane delight
Of riches plaie the tyrants in despight.

—Or out of care of faire posteritie,
Doe neither care for truth; or charitie,
But to turne o're a greatnesse to their stock,
Split; their owne barks vpon the craggie rock
Of a bad conscience, which cause no man sees,
They doe proceed in sinne by all degrees,
Raising their bulwarks out of *Princes* powers,
Whose sacred titles stand like strong built towers.

—Then who dare once controuie what they will haue,
For Kings breath honour, life, and credit saue.

---But Kings may be abused, either from passion,
Or will, or some misled affection:

But worst of all from poisoning flatterie,
Suggesting actions 'gainst their dignitie,
As if it treason were for to contelt

For any cause against their high behest.

—What shall a subiect dare (say they) to finde
A fault or scruple 'gainst the *Princes* minde?

Whic are they called Gods, while that they liue,
And all must stoop, and kneele, and honour giue,

(As reason is).--But now if all this coile
Be to diuert their faire aspects, and soile

Flatter

Their

A N A N S W E R T O

Their first pure hearts with spots of others sinne,
 Better it were that such had neuer bin
 To blister a sweet face:-- Oh this flatterie
 Is worse then Cannon shot in batterie.
 For open enemies may be withstood,
 But bruses dangerous are, that drawe no blood.
 --This vice as I remember is compared
 To certaine *Asps*, who when they are prepared
 To poison men, as they lie fast asleep,
 Doe softlye on their bellies to them creep,
 Smelling about vntill they get some bare,
 Which sting they will not, but haue greater care
 To tickle, and to licke vpon the place,
 As they continue in their wanton race,
 Vntill they bruse their gummes, and bladders breake,
 From whence a moisture doth vpon them reake,
 Which at the first doth itch: but by degrees,
 Before the poisoned partie knowes, or sees,
 It rankles worse then *Deianras* hurt,
 And endeth not without or death, or hurt.
 ---Euen thus good gouernment may be abused
 By *Princes* fauorites, who still haue vsed
 This cunning tricke to keep the rest in awe
 By such strong hands as countermaund the law.
 --But to the point, if that it should be thus,
 Doe you not care, that can so well discusse
 Of vertue, goodnesse, pietie, and truth,
 Wherein you haue brought vp your fearefull youth.
 Come, come, you doe, saie what you will, you doe;
 And so, and more, doth euerie good man too,

Who

WITHERS MOTTO.

Who cannot looke vpon enormities,
With such hard hearts, or stiffer dried vp eies,
But in religious sorrow send out teares,
When the good soule of such ill tiding heares.--
And saie the Eagle lifts her young ones high
To look against the Sun, that she might spie,
Which are not bastards, weaklings against kinde,
But if by prooffe she any such doe finde,
She dasheth them to ground out of the nest,
Whereby they perish.-- Thus if Kings finde out
Who bastards are to vertue making doubt
Of their true worth:-- Themselues most worthie when
They doe discouer such polluted men,
Casting them out like lepers from the campe,
Or traitours, that abuse their monies stampe:--
--Doth not this moue you, to see fortunes spight
By such exchange on frailtie for to light.
--Hath not our common mother nature taught,
That men with mens afflictions are caught?
--For though we truelie may reioice in heart,
When *Princes* act so good a *Princes* part
To punish wicked men, though they be great,
As once *Cambises* did a Iudge intreat:--
--Though we lament, when vicious men doe rise
Within the Realme to rage and tyrannise:
Yet sure men moued are with those extreames,
As we looke strangely at the *Sunnes* faire beames
Eclipsed by the moone: and though our faith
Be nere so strong:-- yet sure the Scripture saith,
That we must feare and tremble, when we see

Cambis
head a
Iudge.

By

AN ANSWER TO

By *Signes and meteors*, that God angrie be.

—Here once againe you of religion talke,
And many times doe trace in one selfe walke

*incipia
m sunt re-
tenda.*

Of scorning still the rascall multitude,
Of great mens errours, who themselues delude,

Of praising vertue, hating auarice,

Of selfe commending, as if none were wise,

But such as with you could be still content

With any fortune in her worst extent,

Of the sure secret in diuinitie

Mans free election 'gainst humanitie,

And manie such like, which you oft repeat

I think of purpose, that the purer wheat

Banked vp with the chaffe might vndiscried,

Or vnmatcht at safe in the heape abide: —

—But what doe you for your religion more,

Then *Moores & Turks*, who hate the worlds great store

Of books, except their holie *Alcheron*,

Which none but *Friests* and *Doctors* looke vpon:

lusty.

Nay barbarous nations are beyond you farre,

That rather will maintaine seditious warre,

Then break a superstitious foolish rite,

Though all the world should other truth recite.

—But how comes in this vncouth *Paradox*,

(To split your iudgement on presumptuous rocks,

That no man as an honest man is fit

Either in *Church* or *Common wealth* to sit,

That for his monie doth an office buie:

Sure this is harsh, and no man will relie

Vpon your censure, but remaine aloofe,

Though

WITHERS MOTTO.

Though that you cunning had to make the prooffe.
For either out of Scripture you must frame
Your dang'rous structure, or maintaine the same
With strange confusion of all Countries fashions,
Who nere will yeeld vnto such rules and passions:
Nay though you say, you meant *Iudiciall* seates,
Where equall tongue for the poore soule intreates:
For this distinction cannot you excuse,
Since many great men doe all bribes refuse.

— *As for preferment* purchased with wealth,
Which little better is (you say) then stealth:
Or honours fames for *preservations* sake,
For which the world so great a stirre doth make,
Or Countries swetnesse, when a wiseman may
Make euerie Countrie a mans worth display.---

— Yet what a world of men did decrelie loue
Their Countries aboue all, scorning to moue
One forward step into anothers land,
But for imploiment as their case doth stand:
Nay, though they sate in Kinglie seat,
Yet home they must, and make a faire retreat;
Or courtlie Office, which both good and bad
Doe equall get, as fauours may be had;
Or lordlie loue, which for some priuate end
Would entertaine you for a welcome friend.

— All these you care not for, yeelding a prooffe
That mischiefes hang in honours glittering rooffe,
Readie to fall vpon a poore mans backe,
Worse then the tortures of a cruell racke,
And so in these you are but thus farre grosse,

*Nescio,
natale
dulced
cunctos
cit.*

AN ANSWER TO

To gaine the more content by such a losse:
 But as I often haue the same repeated,
 Why is man in this earthlie houle so seated?
 But to auoide an idle carelesnesse,
 And make his time a map of blessednesse;
 The *Church* and *Common-wealth* must haue
 Their seuerall rulers, to maintaine and saue
 Their faire estates, from the tumultuous hands
 Of strange disordered men, who gazing stand
 To take aduantage of confusion;
 If none were rais'd for preservation,
 If all were quiet in their Countries rest,
 Where were the state of Courts? If none address
 Themselues to heare a Lawier plead his case,
 What emptinesse would be in euerie place?
 If none vnto the Citie did resort,
 As now they doe for businesse, wealth, or sport;
Morositie would grow as weedes, and men remaine
 More brutish then the haish or dogged swaine:
 Then leaue so to confine all men at home,
 Nature, and course of times make some men rome.
 —As for offences which be personall,
 Or policie which you dishonest call,
 Or other crimes, hanging on all mens cloakes
 Like shuffled dust, which blindes our eyes, or choakes?
 What can a Parliamenr reforme, or be
 The better to preuent necessitie:
 The world hath customes which can nere be broke,
 And men haue manners, which (though you innoke
 The heauens to redresse) will haue no change,
Though

small
 not
 re-
 ed.

WITHER'S MOTTO.

Though that you chide, and with inuectiues range:
In washing of a *Negro*, 't is not true?
Your labour make, not any other hue:
You may hold downe a bough, but let it goe,
And it will quickle spring, and vpward grow:
So play mens faults with an offensive tongue,
They let you talke, and thinke you doe them wrong,
And though you carelesse are, yet all their care
Is for their pride of life, and better fare;
Say you remoue and doe reioice some men,
What doe you purifie the places then?
Come, come, while men their lessons doe repeat,
The Master heares the stammering in his seat:
Looke on faire glistering gold, it doth besmeare
The fingers, though you thinke it nere so cleare:
As *Curtizans* to fiery coales compar'd
(If men vnto their wiles are once insnar'd)
Which either burne, or make the fingers blacke,
So policie for profit workes like wracke.
--- And thinke you Lords will sit dull at their table,
If they for place to prouide are able?
Or Ladies want their Monkies, 'cause that you
Esteeme them foppish:-- They say, this is true,
All things were made for man him to obey,
And (as the best sort doe) why should not they
Enioy their pleasures? Nay they can recite
A place of Scripture to maintaine delight,
From that same speech, or dialogue, chuse whether,
When *Barzillay* and *Dauid* met together.---
And thus in all things which you would deprave,

None
mirth
Iowab

AN ANSWER TO

Though you be carelesse, they a great care haue;
As for your soule, that cannot put thew off,
They to their owne must looke, at yours doe scoffe.

—*You care not* for a villaines confidence,
Nor against vertue, vices impudence;
Nor any vpstart groome, who still doth rise
As him his gracious Lord doth Patronise,
Nor any gentrie which of armes doe brag,
When worth and vertue doe so lamelie lag;
Nor to command a Prouince, though it be
A kinde of honour due to soueraignie.

What of all this? You descant one true song,
Aiming at that which goodnesse brings along,
And you doe well: --- But vertue telleth this,
That all her triall from temptation is.

—As women may be honest, who sit still,
Pend in a house against proud natures will,
Not brought abroad, or suffred once to see
The hanging labels of dishonestie:

So may your vertue thriue. --- But swell with heere
Of pride and lust, let honour you intreat

To sit aloft, and lie on iuorie beds,
As noble Peeres doe rest their braine-sicke heades;

To drinke in cups of gold, fat lambes to kill,
Then let me see how you your selfe could will?

We know not as you say, how your true soule
Is wrought vpon, abuses to controule?

So I doe say, you know not how you may
Your resolutions alter in the day.

—*Here you annex a prettie argument,*

WITHER'S MOTTO.

In praise of valour, and with same intent,
Against dishonest cowardice complaine,
As a polluted vice goodnesse to staine.---
---Yet none of both can either saue or kill
That soule, For which did *Christ* the Law fulfill.
When mongst the *Jewes* none were chose out to fight,
If anies heart did faint, returne they might
Vnto their houses, and the Gospel thus
Peter controules: still dealing so with vs,
That we should humble be, bearing with wrong,
Leauing reuenge to him it doth belong:
If it be so, damnation doth not fall
Vpon his head that will not fight at all.---
---I speake not this by way of fend excuse,
But by degrees to come to the abuse,
For as in valour there may be a pride,
Which good and true reposed men deride;
So may a coward, whom the world mistakes,
Vertue possesse, which braine-sicke furie shakes.
---I hope you doe not by this valour meane
Some furious *Ajax* in a Tragicke Scene,
Who rauing runnes to stricke, to kill, to stab,
For euerie word, or lie, or mocke, or drab,
And when he findes not any so to kill,
With fouler hands vpon himselfe fall will:---
---Nor such you meane, that after heated braines,
With furious eies, and raging tongues complaines
Vpon the man, that durst abuse him so,
Without a pledge the health to ouergoe,
Although he see him spewing ripe already,

Val
cen

AN ANSWER TO

With staggering steps and rauings ouer headie :
 ---Nor such you meane, who looking round about,
 Discouers some weake man among the rout,
 And either fals to flout him, or to scorne,
 Or with some brauing gesture ouerborne,
 Triumphs against him in an angric fit,
 Because vnmon'd, he doth in silence sit :---
 ---Nor sure you will that man a coward call,
 That for his God, religion, countrie shall
 Powre out his bloud : Yea for his deare friends sake,
 Or honest cause himselfe to armes betake ;
 Nay though the Law be dang'rous in this kinde,
 When accidents doe chance, lags not behinde,
 And this you doe expresse,--- As for the rest,
 Of traitor, villaine, base, you are not prest
 For any thing I heare for them to care,
 Therefore you may full well such speeches spare.

11. ---Now you come in against a miserie,
 Which doth belong to *Fortunes* mysterie,
 The pride of life, arising out of wealth,
 12. To which you doe oppose content with health,
 Boasting your selfe to be the only man,
 That of content resound the accent can,
 And still you bring in vertues of the minde,
 Which worldly greatnesse needes must come behinde ;
 All this, morall Philosophy doth teach,
 But you from Scripture would the doctrine preach :
 Sure, it's be so, you are a happy man,
 And may say more then any other can.
 For true content is worth a Monarchie,

And

WITHERS MOTTO.

And troubles with great mischiefs hit the high :
But as small fire sufficeth to small brost,
So who want more then they that such things boast:
As if it pleasure were, pleasure to scorne,
When yet to modest pleasures we are borne ;--
---For in delights (as I haue often said)
Man may reioyce, and God may be obaid :
Yea man may haue his fancy in each thing,
Which doth him ease, profit, or pleasure bring,
Whether it bookes, or hawkes, or horses be,
Or shooting, hunting, or a play to see:
I make no doubt a man may doe all this
Without offence :-- So that his aime not misse,
And he which shall oppose his faire delight,
Censured will be to do it out of spight.
For how can man in vertue so excell,
That he is certaine alwayes to doe well.
— *The next of note*, you carelessly deny
Is kinred whom the State hath rais'd on high ;
Who in their pride vouchsafe not to looke back
Vpon their poore allies, that all things lacke :
Nay, now they scorne to iustifie their blood,
But will some auncient Pedegree make good :--
— And though a brothers soune approach him neare,
Yet will not he his cause by that name heare,
Sure, 'tis not well ; if any such there be,
That are asham'd their poorest kin to see.
— But if that God will meane men so aduance,
Whether for vertue or some other chance ;

Tri
que
lup

Kin
adu

What's that to you ; they care not for your care,
Nor yet regard, how that you carelesse are.

---For if you stand to boast how you were borne,
As well as they, take heed of spight and scorne :
The better course is their good will to try,
And not by carelesnesse them to defie.

What doe you know, as *Mordichai* did saie,
Whether that God did bring them to this waie
Euen for your good :-- It may be that his pride
With other Vices, which in him reside :
Shall turne to all the profit of his kin,
For thus with God the former crimes haue bin.

l- ---You follow then to hunt a *Prodigall*,
As he is glorious, and a foole withall :
Faith spare your labour, and you soone shall see,
How for the same he punished will be :

---If yet you will reforme him without cost,
There is a while nought but your labour lost ;
Vntill his franticke humour be out spent,
And then comes shame and wants incontinent :
Yea such as worshipt him vnto his face,
Will, if they meet him, geere at his disgrace :
But if you would vnto the world descrie,
Your carelesse resolution to denie

Such simple Guls, what cares the world for this ;
They wish you were better emploide iwis.

----Next thing you talke of is *Opinions* blast,
Which suddenlie is spent and ouer-cast ;
And so not to be cared for :-- Yet still
Your fingers itch at *Vertue* with a will

WITHER'S MOTTO.

To haue the world regard your deereſt loue,
To that which God and godlie men approue.
-- You adds withall, how no harſh diſcontent
Can weake your bow, that is ſo ſtrongly bent,
But rather make you fit for ſuch a triall,
As ſhall maintaine your faith without deniall.

Discon
tent.

-- I little ſay, -- For twentie times at leaſt
You haue invited vs to ſuch a feaſt;
Effides; I manie things do ouer-paſſe
Or feare of miſchiefe, which muſt needs alaſſe
Thicken a cloud of ſome diſpleaſure, when
Enſorious ſearchers bring *indicions* men
To ouer-looke the fardell of your braine
Making it ill, that thus you dare maintaine
ſuch arrogant poſitions againſt reaſon,
Being that wiſedome may come out of ſeaſon:--

-- For ſo a dangerous paſſage next you make,
And doe a ſlender barke to ſtormes betake
In a ſtur'd Ocean, bringing on a ſtage
Your former fortunes, but in ſuch a rage,
That you ſpare none that in your Tragedie
Were Actors to encrease your miſerie:

-- But I will ſpare to talke of this at all,
And grant the weakeſt be not thruſt to wall;

I wiſh you *Vertue* thrive: but as I liue.
No hot a zeale will many ſcandals giue,
Wiſedome directs good *Counſell* to beſtow,
That man muſt not proclaime all he doth know.

-- For when the Frog did with the Bullocke ſwell,
He daſh't his braines out, and ſo dead he fell.

--- You

AN ANSWER TO

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cala-
sa cu-
pondus
ferre
at hu-
na con-
pides.

--- You draw at last to some conclusion,
But stronger then the whole confusion
You haue failed in :-- No griefe shall you amate
No sorrow, discontent, your mind rebate,
No pouerty, distresse, your friends despight,
As if in misery you tooke delight :
--- Sure this is much : *Iob* dealt not with vs so,
He did with humbler steps and paces go,
He cride his flesh was not a chimney stocke,
His bones of brasse, his head a bearing blocke,
His sides of *Adamant*, his eies of stone,
His heart of marble hard :-- Yet you alone
Dare challenge terrour to fight hand to hand,
As in the Giants warre :-- Where men did stand
To tesse the rocks against the lightning skes,
And with *Typhans*, *Iupiter* defie :--
--- You doe not care for *Fortune* in her glory,
To pull downe prouder hearts :-- It is your story
To be recorded for a man of wonder,
That could as well liue *Atlas* burthen vnder,
As once endure such mischiefes you relate,
Or *anxious* sorrowes appointed by Fate :
--- Why, what are you, that dare aduenture thus,
Did euer man the matter so discusse :
--- The *Prophets* in times past did beare it out,
Yet of their frailties vrged many a doubt :
The *Iewes* who daily for their Law did fight
Allowed their errours, and the stronger might :
The blest *Apostles* had as great a faith,
And yet they stagger'd, as the *Scripture* saith :

WITHER'S MOTTO.

the *Martyres* I confesse did constant die,
but yet they were afraid in Gues. to lie,
other good Saints were glad of some reliefe,
but many times aff. out. d at their griefe.
If *Jeremy* were with you face to face,
he tell you would the dungeon were a place
of mire and death: and so I make no doubt,
he was full glad, when he was helped out:
the Whales vast belly was another hell,
and *Jonas*, thinke you, merrily there dwell:
and yet you care not, if your case were such,
you could endure:-- Well, this is too too much,
and may with lesser smart, your vertue tire:
thy man, you haue but toucht a smoaking fire:
take you heed of such a *Monarches* rage,
that shall an Ouen heat, or you engage
to fury of wilde beasts:-- How then you fare,
cannot tell, but I beleue you care:--
As for your *Muse* which you do boast so much,
and carelesse are who it peruse, or touch:
from your example I do ouerpasse,
and gentlie leaue it with you, as it was:
your *Epilogue*, *Postscript*, and *Epigram*
meane not now in any sort to name.
I protest, if you doe with the same
poke more after *Charity*, then *Fame*:
and pray with all my heart, faire calmes may be
spicious to your iournie, that you see
no blacker skie:-- For *Ahab's* little cloud
and quickly raise the windes to speake aloud.--

And

AN ANSWER TO

And so farewell.-- Yet would you would prepare
Another song, that you hereafter care.

*Mecum honor, & laudes, & leto gloria vultu,
Et decus, & niueis victoria concolor alis.
Me cunctius lauro perducit ad astra triumphus,
Castam mihi domus, & celsa stant colle penates.*

*Silius Ital. lib. 15.
de bel: Punico.*

FINIS.

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